JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 3, 1925 Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

... JUBILEE No. ... SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1925. TWOPENCE.

Sterling RADIO That sounds good!

X See page 21 X

A King on the Dole

by A.G.GARDINER

TO CURE RHEUMATISM WITHOUT DOSING

Also what to do for serious foot troubles.

Painful gout, lumbago, sciatica, and other uric acid disorders, also any bad foot troubles, such as aching, tenderness, callouses, corns, etc., disappear with remarkable rapidity. Prominent people explain the benefits derived from baths in hot water produced by adding a small quantity of the refined saltrates compound which all chemists can supply at slight cost.

Mr. **George Robey**, the inimitable Comedian, writes:

"I needed these Saltrates long before commencing to use them. Oh! *How* can I tell you my feelings in those days. Now I have no more tired feet or muscular strains. Do I still travel to Continental Spas? No, No—n'n'n' NO! I take my cure at home."

Miss **Phyllis Monkman**, the Musical Comedy Actress, writes:

"It is wonderful for tired, tender, aching feet, or any other foot troubles. The medicated and oxygenated water has the same effect as that at famous Spas."

Photo: Walker & Boys

SPA TREATMENT AT YOUR OWN HOME.

Reudel Bath Saltrates, dissolved in plain water, will produce a highly *medicated* and oxygenated bath or foot bath, possessing wonderful refreshing and curative properties. It reproduces in concentrated form the essential constituents found in the waters at celebrated bathing Spas.

Trade Mark.

Not only **Geo. Robey, Leslie Henson, Phyllis Monkman, Maidie Scott**, and many more famous actors and actresses, but hundreds of well-known people, including the world's champion boxers, athletes, trainers, members of famous football clubs and others use and highly recommend this remarkable compound.

Obtainable from *any* Chemist, price 2/- a half-pound and 3/3 a pound. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed *every user* or MONEY BACK IN FULL IMMEDIATELY AND WITHOUT QUESTION. SALTRATES, Ltd., Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.

Mr. **Leslie Henson**, the famous Comedian, writes:

"Avert a calamity by sending a fresh supply of Reudel Bath Saltrates. Have run right out of them. For refreshing and soothing tired, aching feet, it is the best thing I know. Hurry Up!"

Miss **Maidie Scott**, famous Music Hall artiste, writes:

"I should advise all who dance much—and who does not nowadays?—to soak the feet daily in a bath to which a small quantity of Reudel Bath Saltrates has been added. They will then never know what it means to have tired, aching feet."

Photo: Swaine

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners:

(*Continued from page 35*).

E. F. Hatch, 360, Norwich Rd., Ipswich; Mrs. D. F. Hayne, Castel Villas, Chamelford; A. Hind, 2, Gladstone House, 56, Tetcott Rd., Chelsea; J. Holloway, 7, Vicarland Rd., Plumstead; E. Hoffie, 10, Mildmay St., Winchester; A. H. Hughes, 2, Bodwen Villas, Llangollen; Miss A. G. Hull, 510, High Rd., Streatham; E. S. Ireland, 25, Cross Rd., Kingston; W. Jarvis, 33, Prince Rd., S. Norwood; W. Jenkins, 94, Lavane St., Cathays, Cardiff; H. S. Johns, 20, Reid Square, Chester; N. Johnson, 127, Felbridge Rd., Goodmayes; F. A. Kempster, Victoria House, Victoria Rd., Freshwater; A. H. Laing, 7, Heat Bank Rd., Morecambe; Mrs. K. Lewis, 7, Carrington Rd., Bristol; G. Lomas, 68, Glengarry Rd., Dulwich; J. May, 21, Edgcumbe Pl., Devonport; Miss G. Mew, Hartgrove, Nr. Shaftesbury; F. G. Newman, 20, Ranelagh Rd., Ipswich; H. F. Nutland, 15, Greenfields Cottas., W. Lavington; J. A. Oakes, 38, Elsham Terr., Burley Hill, Leeds; Miss N. Oddy, 51, Kimberley St., Hollinwood; R. Orbell, 102, Manor Sq., Chadwell Heath; F. Orman, 10, Romsey Rd., Soton.; Miss M. Owens, c/o Mounter and Co., Ltd., East St., Taunton; J. Owen, Haulfryns, Victoria Rd., Carnarvon; Miss E. Paterson, 113, Greenhead Terr., Glasgow; J. Pauley, 126, Priory Park Rd., Kilburn; C. Phillips, 132, Station St., Burton-on-Trent; O. J. Phillips, 12, Kenry St., Treherbert; Mrs. Pickering, Oakenholt, Nr. Flint; A. Plummer, 12, South Parade, Northallerton; A. Porton, 5, Deburgh St., Swindon; Mrs. M. Power, 7, Sea View Av., Wexford; J. Pringle, 1, South St., Musselburgh; Rev. W. E. Remfry, Thorne Vicarage, Wellington; S. W. Roberts, 108, Hornsey Rd.; Mrs. W. P. Ronaldson, 33, Harrow Rd., Leicester; H. M. Ross, 39, Torrygien St., Glasgow; Mrs. Russell, 28, Silverton Rd., Coventry; A. Sanderson, Tankersley Rescue Station, Birdwell; Mrs. D. Sanderson, 69, Burlington Rd., Fulham; A. Saunders, 60, Wise Rd., Stratford; E. A. Shaul, Abbey Close, Sherbourne; Mrs. H. Smith, 36, First Av., Mansfield; C. Smith, 45, Norman Rd., Canterbury; J. Smith, 36, Adelphi St., Glasgow; A. Stevens, 40, Millward St., Woolwich; T. Templeman, 16, Haldon Rd., Exeter; A. Tomkinson, 1, Sleigh Sq., Leek; H. Townley, 65, Cornwallis Rd., Edmonton; T. Tregunna, Trenance Rd., St. Austell; B. Turner, The Creamery, Ashstead; T. C. Venters, 161, Howard Rd., Leicester; C. Walter, 16, Woodlands Av., Finchley; J. F. Walters, 3, Railway Cotts., Virginia Water; A. E. Wakis, Piedfant St., Blackpool; F. Ward, Tixall, Nr. Stafford; S. J. Warrick, 35, Hoveden Rd., Cricklewood; J. E. Waterhouse, 18, Bradbury St., Ravensthorpe; Mrs. C. R. Webb, 23, Ethelburga St., S.W.; J. W. Weeks, 7, Beeches Rd., Cirencester; H. Wilkinson, Stone Farm, Bidston, B'head.; Mrs. H. Wisby, 24, Ingate Terr., Battersea; R. H. Wood, 162, Calais Rd., Burton-on-Trent; G. Woodward, The Rosary, Gt. Waltham; H. S. Wrede, 2, Broad St., Kingswood, Bristol; F. Yuill, Bradgate, Bearsden.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 574 can now be seen in the window of Mr. H. LAMBERT, 267, Green Lanes, Seven Kings.

List of 200 Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 575 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 577 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

4. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

5. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

Housewife's Terrible Fate

Plunges to her death whilst cleaning window

JOHN BULL PAYS £250

CLEANING Windows. A homely occupation that goes on in thousands of homes every day. But for the home of James Anderson, of 122, Stockport Road, Ardwick, Manchester, it spelled a dreadful tragedy. His wife, cloth in hand, was sitting on the window ledge cleaning the bedroom window, when she overbalanced and fell headlong to the ground 16 ft. below. A breaking of glass, followed by a scream, apprised the neighbours of what had happened. Mrs. Anderson was conveyed to the Infirmary, where, sad to relate, she died. Mr. Anderson being a registered reader of "John Bull," has now received a cheque for £250.

ACCIDENTS—FIRE—FLOODS—STORMS—SICKNESS... John Bull's Great Free Insurance Gift covers them all. Sign now.

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID—17,571. Sign now.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name ..... Age .....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date .....

Unsold. claims. Don't post envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of 1d. stamped addressed envelope.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 3/10/25.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 3/10/25.

Cash the Coupons

"JOHN BULL'S" WONDERFUL OFFER.

Here is a wonderful opportunity to own the famous "John Bull" 5/- Pen and pocket a shilling, and, in addition, get a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil FREE!

WHAT YOU GET!

(1) The 5/- "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Pen, equal to pens costing £1 each.
(2) A 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, complete with re-fills FREE!

SEE

WITH SIX COUPONS— 4/- only.

The Pen is fitted with 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, and safety cap. Guaranteed 2 years.

(A 26) JOHN BULL

PEN COUPON—VALUE 2d.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filling Pen, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil. Additional Coupons may be cut from "John Bull," and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and P.O. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. (Does not insure.) Postal orders payable to "John Bull," and make P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required. JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THE PEOPLE who smoke Wills's Gold Flake Cigarettes are always mildly surprised by the way in which the other people chop and change.

Wills's

GOLD FLAKE

CIGARETTES

10 *for* 6d.

Gs 29

BIRD'S 1½d. pkt. *bought by four generations.*

Some 90 years ago your great-grandmother bought this bright little packet because it was honest value. Modern mothers buy it in many millions, because they also find it the best value for money.

This handy 1½d. pkt. contains the exact quantity of powder to make a perfect Bird's Custard. There is no waste, because the packet is emptied at once, and every grain used while still fresh and fragrant.

Bird's Custard is always delicious. Served alone, or with fruit, Bird's has made the mealtimes of four generations doubly enjoyable.

Tricolour pkts., 1½d.;
silvered boxes, 6½d. & 1/1; tins, 1/6

N.B. Whether you buy Bird's Custard in pkts., boxes or tins there is only one quality — the best that money can buy.

THE Pifco Lamp is the greatest contribution science has yet made to man's eternal contest with winter darkness.

OR

4 HOURS' LIGHT FOR 1d.

New Model 100 Candle Power Oil-Gas, Mantle and Wick Lamp.

Like a beacon on the hill

THE house with the Pifco Lamp stands out like a beacon on the hill. The light it gives is unrivalled for soft and steady brilliance. It is silent, simple, safe and clean, and burns 94% air to 6% oil-gas from ordinary paraffin.

Complete 37/6 with Shade

14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

PIFCO

Write now for Catalogue
Pifco Ltd., 57 High St., Manchester

Meltis DESSERT CHOCOLATE

Very delicious flavour. You cannot buy a better Chocolate

1/- per ½-lb. pkt. Other sizes 4d & 8d.

Save yourself CHILLS COLDS *and* CASH!

buy yourself a

SARTOR RAINCOAT

from 20/-

OUR prices save you from 15/- to 20/-, and provide you with a beautifully tailored raincoat, made from fully proofed Gaberdine with a cosy warm check lining. No colds or chills! No middlemen's profits.

Carriage Paid in British Isles.

SEND NO MONEY.

Write TO-DAY for FREE PATTERNS, Style Book (Ladies, Maids, Gents and Youths) and an accurate self-measurement form. You can then judge the value we offer, and remember this, even after purchase if you are not completely satisfied we Guarantee to refund your money in full without question.

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Visit our London Showrooms: 220, Tottenham Ct. Road, W.1 (First Floor).

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A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain-Hunters

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Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

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Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 10/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments, until you have paid in all **59/6**

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£3 FULLY PAID CARRIAGE PAID

& Guaranteed.

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From 1/3 per week or 5/- per month

Direct from Factory.

2/6 DEPOSIT
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

Carr. Paid on approval from **£2:17:6**

Cash or Credit.

Write for fully illustrated free Catalogue showing all latest models.

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Protect your mattress with a
BARTON SLIP-ON BED-COVER

Any sock, hair or feather mattress lasts three times longer when completely covered top, bottom and sides, with a BARTON SLIP-ON.

DOUBLE-BED SIZE BED-COVER

Made of strong reliable sheeting, strongly sewn and taped, and easily washed. To the readers of JOHN BULL we are offering these at the extremely low Bargain Price of **5/6**

Usually sold at 7/6.
Postage on one 6d., two 9d. EACH
Money returned in full if not satisfied.
10,000 already sold.

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High Rd., Wood Green, London

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3/9

Beautiful Rings, Bangles, Pendants, Watches, &c. —sterling examples of the money you save by buying direct from the Empire's largest Jewel Factory, are illustrated in H. Samuel's

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Send a postcard for it now! FREE PRIZES for all buyers!! The fine Nickelled Watch illustrated, fully warranted, Post free **3/9** Write Now.

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DON'T BUY BEFORE SEEING OUR CASEMENT CLOTHS

ALL STYLES FROM 3d PER YD.
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F22, The Looms, Bradford

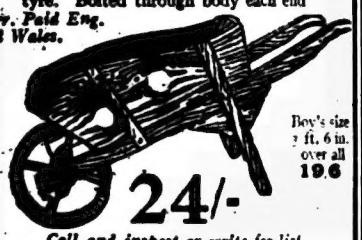
GRAVES
WORLD'S GREATEST CYCLE BARGAIN.

All component parts of proved excellence.
B.S.A. SPEED GEAR;
SUTCLIFFE'S EXTRA FINE SUPER CORD TYRES; COVENTRY 3 SPIDER CHAIN; SUTCLIFFE'S D-COIL SADDLE; SUTCLIFFE'S FRAME; ALL BLACK FINISH IF DESIRED & full equipment. £6.19.6
Lady's Model same price
Terms: 5/- with order, & balance 5/- monthly. Money refunded if at all disappointed.
Catalogue Post Free.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield.

GARDEN BARROW

Strongly made oak or ash frame, 4 ft. 6 in. long. Planed natural elm body, 22 in. wide, 12 in. deep. 14 in. wood wheel, 2 in. iron tyre. Bolted through body each end

Carr. Paid Eng. and Wales.



Boy's size 3 ft. 6 in. over all **19.6**

24/-

Call and inspect or write for list.
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Amazing offer of MEN'S SOCKS

SMART stylish Men's Socks at much less than wholesale prices—ONLY 6/6 FOR 12 DOZEN PRS. (6 PAIRS 4/-). Soundly made and bound to give satisfaction. As the demand has been enormous, send P.O. NOW. State size of boots worn. Satisfaction or Money Back.

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12 PAIRS 6/6 POST FREE

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GREAT SALE

Owing to the enormous success of our Sale, we have decided to extend same for a further short period. A first payment of 2/6 secures the famous Vesta Lockstitch Sewing Machine, complete with polished cover, all accessories, book of instructions, packed in case and threaded up ready for use. Write for Catalogue of other models and of other Bargains on easy terms.

CASH PRICE REDUCED FROM £5 to £2 10 0.

Hire purchase terms: 2/6 down, 2/6 on delivery, and 12 monthly payments of 5/-.

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This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull," 3/10/25. On receipt of Postal Order for 12/6 we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Brussels

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Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room

Carpet 12 ft. wide.

12/6

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and bear a warranting of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 200,000 sold during the past 18 months. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Bedsteads, Bedding, Lace Curtains, etc., post free, mentioning "John Bull" 3/10/25, when writing. Established over Half a Century.

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Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp proof, Rotproof and Sanitary. Suitable for Wood, Stone, Brick and Concrete Floors. Lays flat without any fastening.

Per **2/-** Sq. Yd. Carr. Paid.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES.

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Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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8½ PER YARD

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A beautiful selection of guaranteed "FAYDNOTTE" Fadeless Fabric, Plain, Mercerised and Inserted. Rose, Poplins, Crepes, Stripes, Mercerised and Cretonnes.

CREAM CASEMENT F. 60 36in. PER YARD.

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ALLUM ST., HILLS, MANCHESTER.

OAK BED-SETTEE

20/- secures immediate delivery

Size when extended 5 ft. 2 in. by 4 ft. 6 in.

Polished antique brown, upholstered any colour corduroy velvet. *Wire spring mattress & best interlaced linen*

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Delivered for first payment of 20/- Balance 10/- monthly

Write for Free Catalogue

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(Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd.)

COMPLETE WIRELESS INSTALLATION for 2/-
PAY 2/- A DAY WHILE LISTENING-IN.

We confident are we that you will be perfectly satisfied with your dealings with us, that we make the following unprecedented offer.

On receipt of 2/- we will send you our Super-Crystal Set (as shown), complete with a pair of Imperial Excelsior Headphones, 4,000 ohms, admitted by thousands of satisfied customers to be the best ever heard. If completely satisfied, you send a further 5/- on receipt of set, and then 6 monthly payments of 5/-, or 32/- cash in 7 days. If Phenomenally required, you send 1/- and 1/6 on receipt and then 6 monthly payments of 5/-, or 30/- cash in 7 days.

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SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Coats and Leather Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

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Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commissions paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Spare time only. Write at once.

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SAMPLES FREE.

FLOOR COVERING
Thicker than Linoleum.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary
For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors.

Being stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. Supplied in rolls containing 60 square feet for £1, 120 square feet £2. Longer lengths pro rata.

ALL ROLLS ARE TWO YARDS WIDE.

The only floor covering made that can be used on either wood or damp stone floors. Send for free samples of the actual materials and admire the exclusive designs and beautiful finish. The wonder of the floor covering world.

J. B. ARROWSMITH & SONS, 39 Carter St., London, S.E.17

Continued from page opposite.

TOP Prices paid for old jewellery, gold, silver, &c. No quantity too small. Post or call. Bensons, 218, Piccadilly, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

CIGARETTES.—Karab Finest Herbal. Choicest herbs, carefully blended. Not injurious Digestion, Throat, Nerves. Free from Nicotine. Cartons 9d. 50 Box de luxe, 1/8, 100 3/3, 500 15/6, full size. Post free.—Karab Co., Collyweston, Stamford, Lincs.

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IF you are in need of unfurnished accommodation, anywhere in London or suburbs, at rentals from 15/- to 50/- weekly, consult the leading agents. No premium, bonus, or key-money. Call or write, but call if you can. ALEXANDRA'S, ESTATE AGENTS, 32, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

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Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum charge 24s

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MONEYMAKING Bargains to sell again. Kitchen Towels, lettered, all lines, 6d. ea. Sell 1/-. Zephyr Prints 7d. yd. Sell 10d. Art Silk Hose. 1/3 sell 1/9. Tablecloths, large size, 2/6 ea. Sell 3/6. Hundreds of other Bargains equally cheap. Start business for yourself, spare time, and send for our Catalogue and full particulars to-day.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 2, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Woolmen's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.1.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (Wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J. B.), 66 and 70, High Street, Manchester.

SHOPKEEPERS and Beginners requiring cheap lines in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc., write for illustrated Cat. to S. Mosco, Dept. J.B., 6, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

HOSIERS DRAPERS.
Cheapest wholesale house in the trade for all drapery, hosiery, bedding, furs, etc. New beginners receive personal attention. Book of advice on all business problems for three penny stamps to cover postage. Price list and catalogue free on application.—Dept. B. M. Rosen, 66, Piccadilly, Manchester.

COMIC Postcards, B'days, Xmas Cds. Novelties. 1/- goodly samples, special prices and cat. —J. E. Hughes, 368, Dudley Rd., Birmingham.

SHOPKEEPERS. Send for List of Xmas Club Toys, Scooters, Toy Prams, Tricycles, Games, etc.—W. H. Jackson & Co. (Dept. J.B.), Grimsby.

AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S" Spare-Time Agency.—See Large Advert. on page 4

XMAS Chocolate, Cigarette and Toy CLUBS. Agents wanted. Best terms in the trade. Good commission. Fine presents to all agents, no outlay.—Higher (Oxted), Ltd., Dept. 125, Colne, Lancashire.

A BEAUTIFUL SAMPLE BOOK free to first 1,000 applicants to sell Private Xmas Cards. Choice designs. Latest novelties. Highest com. Valuable prizes.—Firth, Graham & Co., Dept. 126, Accrington. "A Firm with a Reputation."

AGENCY.—Add to your earnings by representing in spare time old-established firm selling Boots, Clothing, Drapery, etc.; any man in regular work can apply; good commn.; liberal supply samples, no-sold catlg.; no outlay whatever. Dept. J., Bennant, Bright St., Leicester.

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For continuation of "Small Ads. Worth Watching" see inside column of page opposite.

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You cannot prevent baldness by rubbing lotions on the hair. Baldness comes from *within*. It comes because the hair roots themselves are being starved and the roots lie so deep below the scalp that nothing applied externally can possibly reach them. The only source whence the hair roots can draw any nourishment is the minute blood vessel at the base of each root. And the only way nourishment can reach that blood vessel is through the blood stream itself. That is why

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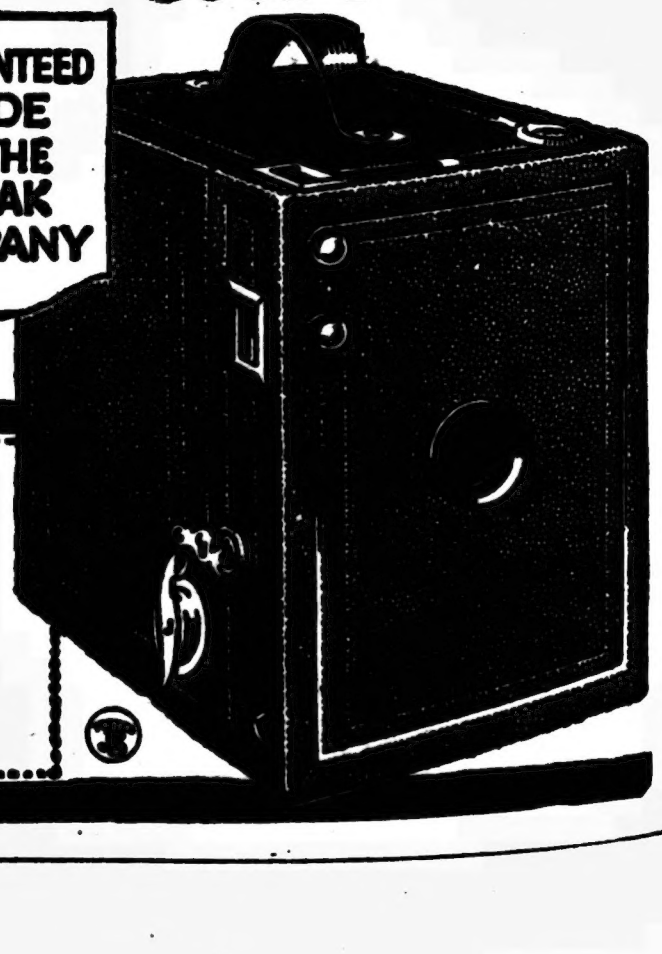

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The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

A Wanton Betrayal.

The disgraceful quibble over the interpretation of the terms of the coal truce is the most deliberately provocative act the country has seen for a long time. It will cost the country dear unless honour quickly replaces trickery.

Mr. Baldwin's Chance.

When the Premier this month meets the Unionist conference, it is to be hoped that he will take courage in both hands and, through the Party, address himself to the nation. His message to the Stockport electors had the smooth rotundity of a so-called "King's Speech." The result speaks for itself.

Winston No Model.

Mr. Baldwin must strike deeper and farther than Mr. Churchill did when he opened the Unionist autumn campaign. Smug self-satisfaction may go with the converted; it does not make converts. Mr. Churchill, too, sent a letter to Stockport!

A Losing Fighter.

Let the Premier heed that Mr. Churchill is a dangerous adviser. A doughty fighter, he is one of those who think it "victory" to carry his point even though common-sense says "Halt!" Witness the silk duties, which are still multiplying irritations throughout the country.

Stockport.

One slip does not make a landslide, but the fact of 37,515 out of 55,497 citizens voting against the Government must not be ignored. It's in the North where industry dies when inaction rules.

Not in Our Empire!

Mr. Amery's enthusiasm for Empire development has led to another false step at Geneva. The British proposal on slavery just submitted would be the first international document permitting forced labour for private enterprises. Neither East African nor any other Empire produce can be allowed to bear the stigma of forced labour.

That's the Puzzle.

With the Turks snapping their fingers at the League of Nations, the Government, after neglecting the plainest facts and warnings, will have to find its own way out of the Mesopotamian mess. To find the way is just what is puzzling the "Inner Cabinet."

Deeds the Test.

"Revolutionaries in our midst," says the National Unionist Council, "can be met and defeated by propaganda." The most effective propaganda is bold measures that better the people's homes.

Why Not for Peace Too?

The Army manœuvres have been vaunted as a marvel of up-to-date efficiency in organisation of the latest scientific technique. What is the Government doing to mobilise science for industry?

In Hampshire Valleys.

Fifty thousand men in English meadows come to grips in mimic warfare. Every death-dealing machine save poison gas and high explosives is brought into play. To be "ready for any emergency" may be good. But the same energy expended on making emergencies impossible would be better.

Baking's Takings.

Stakes, like the farthing a loaf that nets the bakers £100,000 a month super-profit, are too big to be played with by an Advisory Food Council so powerless as not to be able even to summon witnesses. The bakers' associations simply turned their backs on a body that can't kick.

Dark Nights.

Lack of electricity makes villages and farmsteads unbearable to thousands of workers who otherwise would be attracted to agriculture. If the Government attacked the question in earnest, the problem of decentralisation would be solved.

Electricity the Thing.

When this country makes full use of electricity in industry, trade will revive. Until then it will drag behind up-to-date rivals. Only crass stupidity which clings to antiquated methods prevents business forging ahead.

Common Talk.

Mr. Lloyd George has discovered that the commons of England were meanly and foolishly stolen from the people. We knew it ages ago, and we prophesy that one day, generously and wisely, they'll all be given back.

The Seesaw.

As one food comes down another goes up. There's a halfpenny off bread and another penny per quart put on milk. Nothing short of an Act to protect consumers will stop the ramp.

£1,500!

Waiting for Your "Bullet"

Closing Week - - - - see page 35

The Milk Menace.

The nimble farthing put on every half-pint bottle of milk delivered by United Dairies is impudent fleecing of a high order. Housewives have the remedy in their own hands.

Good Advice.

Dr. Barnes wants women to impress public opinion with the need for ending unemployment and bad housing. The National Council of Women could perform no bigger service for its own sex. It's upon women that the most horrible suffering from these evils falls.

Happy Bournemouth.

Christchurch and Bournemouth Guardians have in hand £18,000 and no cases of relief due to unemployment. It's a pity some other boards cannot go to Bournemouth. They might get hints.

Leagues of Help.

Derby has "adopted" the village of Foncquevillers and is rebuilding its ruins. Why not work the scheme at home? There are industrial villages in this country at the point of despair, and all through the War.

Disappearing Devilry.

In Austria 7,000 machines for production of war material are being scrapped. When all war plant is changed into machinery for peaceful industry, prosperity will be here. A sane world would do it.

Fungi Costs.

Mushrooms gathered in the fields are selling in the shops at prices ranging from 3s. to 5s. per pound. What do the gatherers get? The difference, representing "reasonable profit" for perishables, would be informing.

A Public Menace.

Legal restriction of hours worked by motor-coach drivers is needed. That some men work sixteen to eighteen hours at such a job is monstrous. There are plenty of skilled unemployed for relief.

War As It Is.

It is real war they are waging in Morocco. The other day the Spanish Foreign Legion marched through the decorated streets of Tetuan with ears and tongues of their Riff enemies spitted on their bayonets. A nice way to spread the blessings of European civilisation among native tribes!

Save the Babies.

The Deptford Borough Council has decided to spend £550 on artificial sunlight treatment for delicate children. Small as the sum is, it indicates a budding recognition of the great truth that efforts to "Save the children" should begin at home.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH & THE DEVIL

Dusty Eyes.

Slate dust is being used in North Wales to make better and cheaper roads by a new process. The Ministry of Transport does not know anything about it yet, although they are spending much cash on trying to get better roads. We suggest they rub the dust out of their eyes.

One Good Step.

The Ministry of Labour attacks a crying scandal in opening on a contributory basis centres, both residential and non-residential, for training unemployed young men who have had no opportunity to learn a skilled trade. Four are arranged, others will follow if the experiment succeeds. It's up to the young men to see it does. Their own interests lie that way.

Terrific Waste.

No fewer than 3,500,000 working weeks are lost every year by insured men and women suffering from rheumatic diseases. This startling fact emerges from the discussions at the National Conference of Friendly Societies at Brighton. Clearly the provision of "spa" treatment for insured persons ought to engage the immediate attention of the Ministry of Health.

Married—and Happy.

Married in 1865, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Currie, of Grace Street, Newcastle, have come smiling through sixty years of contented married life. They had no great start. Mr. Currie started work for thirteen pence a week, one shilling being wages and one penny to spend for himself. Working hard, bringing up a large family in respectability, weathering lean times as well as good, we are proud of these old folk. They are true Britishers. We could do with more of them.

Seeing the Scaffold.

The decision of Mrs. Bell, a Glasgow woman bailie, to witness the hanging of a murderer is all to the good. Whether after her experience Mrs. Bell is enamoured of capital punishment or not may be uncertain; but it would be an excellent thing if zealous advocates of the death penalty were informed of the true nature of the barbarous act which, in the absence of exact knowledge, it is so much easier to defend.

A Boy's Suicide.

The alarming growth of child-suicides in this country calls for something more than a glance of surprise. At Newcastle a fifteen-year-old boy named Norman Armstrong went home one evening, put a scarf round his neck and deliberately hanged himself from the stair-rail. It is doubtful whether any human inquest can fathom such a tragedy as this. Too often the growing mind of the child is a walled citadel of secret pain.

The Child Lover.

Joseph Birch, a Portsmouth labourer, was lying ill with influenza when he heard a woman's agonised cry that a little child had fallen into the harbour. It was too much for his father's heart. Springing from his sick bed he raced to the water and swam about in search. The sad fact that he found the baby already dead takes nothing from his noble self-sacrifice. He collapsed and had to be carried back to bed. May he have good recovery.

A Dive to Death.

Even the common routine of domestic life is often tinged with tragedy, and that which crept into the home of James Anderson, 123, Southport Road, Ardwick, Manchester, overwhelmed that humble family with sorrow. Mrs. Anderson was sitting on the window-ledge cleaning the windows, when she overbalanced and fell to the ground 16 ft. below. Her injuries were so acute that they proved fatal. This severe blow to the Anderson home was considerably softened by the fact that as her husband was a registered reader, the fatality was covered by the famous JOHN BULL Insurance Scheme, and Mr. Anderson has received a cheque for £250.

Wapping Heroes.

The Hermitage School, Wapping, has just set a high standard of courage. Some of the boys were on holiday at Dovercourt when a master collapsed while bathing. Mr. Frederick Hennison, a colleague, and two boys went to the rescue and brought the bather ashore. Artificial respiration was unavailing. Mr. Hennison and the two lads did the right thing, and we regret that their pluck was in vain.

Robbed the Fatherless.

Richard Walter Stanfield, of Joppa Grove, Edinburgh, found that the girl who was in his household as nurse to his children and companion to his wife had £684 left her by her father. He, "to help her," invested the money—in his own pocket. "A more wicked or heartless thing it would be hard to conceive," said the sheriff, sending Stanfield to jail for a year. May the Biblical curse on those who rob the fatherless pursue Stanfield!

Real Love Lasts.

When Mrs. Jane Richards was eighteen she loved and was beloved by Robert Rothwell, a boy of sixteen. They quarrelled and parted. Picking up life again they each married, and each brought up a family faithfully and cheerfully. Now in their seventies they have met after fifty years' separation, and, both being widowed, have decided to end their days together and recapture at eventide the happiness which in youth their lovers' quarrel denied them. May they find it. They are a standing rebuke to those who, crossed in love, see no way out of it but misery and death.

The Human Machine

Waiting

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

LISTENING the other evening to a little play that was being broadcast from Birmingham, I was struck by a line that has remained with me ever since.

"Things is mostly all for the best if you have the patience to wait for the mists to rise," said the old blind character.

Waiting is always a difficult task, but it can be lightened if the right mental attitude is adopted.

So many people who have to wait do so with folded hands, whereas they should do so with energy and determination.

Everyone sooner or later reaches a point when apparently nothing confronts them but a blank wall. Plans that have been going well suddenly end in apparent failure, and there is nothing to do but—wait.

To wait—and not get tired of waiting—was one of Kipling's definitions of a man: but he only half told the secret. Why be idle while one is waiting?

Why not explore fresh avenues, adventure along new roads, think along fresh lines? Why not go on trying?

PURPOSELESS waiting is so apt to breed despair, for the oppression of the present blinds one's vision to the hope of the future.

Never forget that the future is yours, that the shaping of events, the moulding of your own destiny, is really in your own hands after all.

Wait for the mists to rise, and cultivate both the patience and the faith that are necessary to endure the waiting—but don't idle, keep busy.

"Things is mostly all for the best," but they need, at times, a little pushing along!

Where Have You Been, My Pretty Maid?

When Inspector A. Robinson bought milk from Robert Page, of Cromer, he sang cheerfully to Dorothy, the farmer's daughter:

"Oh, Dorothy, Dorothy Deane,
Oh, Dorothy, where have you been?"

But on testing the sample it became evident that Dorothy had been to the tap, with the result that Page has been fined £3 for selling watered milk. Such a fine is too small to check a mean crime that hits hardest on the poor.

Woes of Wives.

A wife separated from a worthless husband under a magistrate's order may well repent her visit to the altar. If the husband does not pay the weekly allowance fixed by the court, he may be arrested and sent to prison; but this will not feed the hungry little mouths at home. The suggestion of Mr. William Tait, a Gateshead magistrate, that such sums should be legally deducted from the husband's wages is a sound one, and would do something to lift the shadow from these ruined homes.

Land Hunger.

Norfolk peasants are fighting for a better wage than 29s. in summer and 28s. in winter, and are asking for a bit of land to till. As farmers complain that agriculture is so bad that they can't pay a living wage we fail to see why the labourers cannot each be given a plot. The solution to most of our post-war troubles lies in the provision of small-holdings for men who know how to cultivate them. The nation will be nearer feeding itself, and the wolf will be farther from the door of the worker.

"The Poor Man's Friend."

"JOHN BULL is the only paper which seems ready to expose dud undertakings," says a gentleman who formerly held high commissioned rank in the British Army, writing to us from Birmingham. He affectionately terms us "The Poor Man's Friend," and says numerous other complimentary things which we are too modest to print. Letters of this nature serve to hearten us in our task of exposing humbug and fraud in all their various shapes and forms, and on that account we welcome them.

Fighting Company Promoters.

As a member of the legislative Assembly in Jersey, George Gray is maintaining the reputation he gained in the days when he was popularly known as "The Fighting Parson." He has moved amendments to the local law which would go far towards removing the difficulties caused by the registration of companies in the island by unscrupulous promoters. He urges that all companies be compelled to disclose their balance-sheets, and deposit the same locally, so that the public may have access to them. This is what we have urged on many occasions.

The Pit Pony Scandal.

The way to stop the cruelty involved in the employment of pit ponies is not to turn miners into beasts of burden. At the Parkhead Pit, Motherwell, the proposal that the colliers should drag loaded barrows to the shaft, a task said to be beyond human labour, has caused a strike. The proper solution of the difficulty is mechanical haulage, and the mere fact that this costs money should not be considered a sufficient excuse for mine-owners who are indifferent to the sufferings of these dumb beasts.

A Vanished Girl.

Another painful disappearance is that of Miss Dora Willey, a pretty twenty-one-year-old schoolteacher at Greasbrough, Yorkshire. From the moment when this high-spirited girl left her home to go to school on the morning on September 14, nothing has been seen or heard of her, the most searching enquiries having failed to disclose the slightest trace of her movements. The number of recent cases in which young women have mysteriously vanished leaves no doubt that some diabolical agency is at work on lines only too painfully familiar to students of the underworld.

Fighting a Plague.

The Shoreditch Guardians have decided to supply boots to the children of the unemployed. When the matter came up for discussion Mr. H. Beavies, the youngest member of the board, declared that as a result of poverty in childhood, when frequently he had to go without proper boots and clothing, he was now suffering from consumption. "The nation is willing to spend large sums of money on those who suffer from tuberculosis," said Mr. Beavies; "wouldn't it be better to prevent it?" The Shoreditch board has answered this question with something better than words.

Mad Methods.

The wanton outrage perpetrated at the Walker Dyeing Company's Works, Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire, carries us back nearly a century to the days when misguided workmen thought that to smash their employers' machinery was a short cut to industrial freedom. In the course of a wages dispute Messrs. Walker found several valuable machines ruined, holes bored through dyeing vats, and quantities of finished goods destroyed by vitriol. Such senseless acts of sabotage can do nothing but harm to the workers' cause. The industrial conflict must be fought out on civilised lines.

A Married Cad.

The fact that William Scott, a young miner of Lynn, Stonnall, has a wife and two children of his own did not keep him from behaving improperly to another man's wife. He watched his neighbour to work, and then went to the house, but the fourteen-year-old son was game and protected his mother by firing pellets from an air-gun. Then the woman sat up all night with a loaded gun until her husband returned. For this offence Scott must pay £20 or go to prison for a month. It's to be hoped his conscience will make him smart more than this lenient sentence for trying to wreck two homes.

"How Long, O Lord——?"

That the man had acted on "an uncontrollable impulse" was the plea put forward at West Ham police court on behalf of Leonard Joseph Pike, twenty-two, of Winton Road, Custom-House, when the latter was charged with outraging a girl of five years. Describing the offence as "serious," Mr. Enos Smith sentenced Pike to three months' hard labour. How long more shall we have to wait for drastic reform of the system which permits beasts of this description to escape with a trifling police-court sentence? A jury would almost certainly prescribe seven years as the best medicine to enable such a creature to control his filthy impulses.

Grime and Grumbles.

Walter John Middleton, of Burlescombe, drives a steam wagon in his working hours. It is an honest calling, but a grimy one. The other day Walter answered a summons at Exeter police court for a trifling offence, and, being unable to obtain leave, had no choice but to appear in his working garb. Lady Radford, chairman of the Bench, was shocked. In spite of the man's explanation, she insisted that it would have been "more respectful" to the magistrates had he washed himself before appearing in court. We would rather see Lady Radford more respectful to honest toil, which attains a dignity even in dirt unknown to the leisured idlers of this earth.

Traps for the Innocent.

A prominent place in the hierarchy of sharks must be given to Henry Allen Ashton, who runs the London Financial Service, Limited, of 69, Fleet Street, E.C.4. He registers companies for traders who wish to limit their liability, but the experience of dozens of his clients has been anything but pleasant. In view of our large dossier of complaints, we advise readers to leave Mr. Ashton, who is a notorious fee-snatcher, and his precious Financial Service alone. They will almost certainly rue it if they don't.

Artful Advertising.

We dislike the methods pursued by Messrs. Woodward and O'Grady, of the Nottingham Tooth Company, Wheelergate Chambers, Nottingham. These people proclaim in newspaper advertisements that they pay for artificial teeth at the rate of 3s. per tooth on vulcanite, and so on. A Devon reader, who sent a set of molars on vulcanite, received them back a week later in a damaged condition, accompanied by a postal order for 1s. 6d. and the cryptic message: "No solid pins found." From which it is obvious that teeth are not required at all, despite the assurance, "No misleading prices." Without putting too fine a tooth on it, these tactics are not worthy of a reputable firm.

The "Guarantee" Disappears.

It is gratifying to note that our comments on the methods adopted by the British Automobile Schools, Ltd., 19, Charing Cross Road, have had the desired effect. These people were wont to advertise for pupils, using as a bait the announcement, "Employment secured under written guarantee," despite their own admission that such a guarantee was impossible to carry out. Latest advertisements of the B.A.S. to hand, although not entirely satisfactory, omit the misleading "guarantee" clause. Another instance of the service which John Bull renders to the community in laying bare instances of attempted deception or deliberate misrepresentation.

A Winnipeg Twist.

It is time the police directed their attention to the activities of a crook named William Hartford, of Winnipeg, who writes to recently deceased persons in this country pretending he is unaware of their death, in order that his letters will be opened by the relatives. He says the "shares you hold are making huge profits," and, asking for a further sum in advance in a manner which suggests that the dead man had had secret financial dealings with him, generally succeeds in lifting money from the unsuspecting relatives. Hartford works with a notorious swindler named Stanton, and reaps quite a rich harvest by this old, though quite ingenious, type of swindle.

The Wily Way.

A. J. Way, of Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., is one of those fellows who make a living by bilking hardworking women. He advertises for ladies to knit jumpers from the silk which he sells to them. To a reader who knits quickly and well he quoted 2s. 11d. per hank of silk, although our reader tells us the stuff can be bought anywhere at from 1s. 9d. to 2s. A sample of silk for which Way asked 8s. per pound was valued by a leading City firm at 7s. 3d. per pound. When his clients send him the jumpers they are usually returned as being unsatisfactory. Way will have to mend his way.

"On the Trail of Tauber."

Since the publication of our article in the last issue, relating to the movements of Leon Tauber, the absconding city merchant, our Special Commissioner has obtained further information of a startling character concerning the missing jewellery reported to have been stolen from Tauber's house in Brondesbury Park. This information was handed over immediately to Brig.-General Horwood, New Scotland Yard, and a dramatic sequel is hourly expected—if, indeed, it has not already taken place by the time this issue reaches the public.

Housewife's Tragic Fate

"John Bull" pays

£250

See page 2

Problems of Life

The Morally Marooned

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

IN one of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays there is portrayed with consummate skill the strangely pathetic personality of a man who lacked the gift of making himself understood by those about him.

Bernard Shaw

Neither his wife nor his children could read his nature or interpret aright his craving for fellowship. He could not express himself, had none of the art of making himself attractive, possessed no social graces, and, being conscious of these disadvantages, was apt to give way to a futile rage, which made those about him look upon him as a quite impossible person. There are many of these inarticulate souls in the world.

It has been often and truly said that we are all lonely. Do what we will we can never wholly reveal our inner selves to one another.

But sadder is the lot of those who seem born to isolation, who are so reserved by Nature that they cannot open their hearts to anyone, who crave for sympathy and cannot show it, who are imprisoned by their own temperament, and never know the meaning of human companionship.

WHAT Carlyle tells of his grim father's breakdown, as the hand of death touched the wife and mother whom he honoured, but to whom he had never exhibited any overt tenderness, has its parallels.

The strong man's agony, says the son, was like the tearing asunder of granite rocks by some tremendous internal volcanic force. The spectacle awed as much as it surprised his kindred. They had never previously suspected the existence of such depth of feeling as they now saw to have been hidden behind the somewhat cold and forbidding exterior he habitually presented.

Englishmen are not usually like this; their characteristic reticence takes other forms.

Shyness can show itself as truculence, sensitiveness as self-assertion, a wounded heart will veil itself as indifference.

THERE are some people who can no more help being unprepossessing in demeanour than they can help breathing; being devoid of charm, they are consistently misunderstood.

They are thought to be hateful when they are merely like dumb animals that cannot say what they mean.

More than sad, terrible, is the fate of the being whom nobody wants, who is condemned to go through life alone because of this spiritual infirmity. As old age advances the shadows deepen and the solitude is accentuated, for the young have little patience with lovelessness.

Let us seek to understand one another. The more ungracious a fellow-mortal is the more he needs the magic touch of friendship.

ROGUES OF THE ROSTRUM

THE LURE OF THE AUCTION

How the Public is Bluffed

AN effort is now being made by the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers to introduce a Bill into Parliament calculated to end the "mock auctioneer" nuisance. We wish it every success.

These raucous pests with their bodyguards of thugs and decoy bidders have increased in recent years beyond all reckoning, and the present powers of the police are quite inadequate to cope with them.

The main London thoroughfares—the Strand, Piccadilly, Oxford Street—are happy hunting-grounds, the chief victims being provincial visitors with a few pounds to spend. Genuine sales may take place, but if so they have not yet come under our notice. Almost entire stock disposed of is worthless junk and a fraud at any price.

A representative of JOHN BULL recently made a tour of some of the London premises, and from first to last failed to obtain a single article of jewellery, cutlery or plated goods which would be stocked by a firm with any reputation to maintain.

Alluring adjectives

Here is his experience with Messrs. Gilbert Davis and Co., Piccadilly Circus. On his arrival an "auction" was in full swing, the card under the rostrum indicating that the fluent and irrepressible gentleman with the hammer was one Albert Elbroz, of 17, West Street, Brighton. A number of watches, described with many adjectives as being of the purest gold were put up, and the bidding was brisk.

There is grave reason to doubt whether the bidders were plain members of the public unconnected with the firm of Davis and Co. Our information is that there is a side door to the premises, and that whatever real gold watches are disposed of quickly find their way back to the auctioneer. Whether or not, it is certain that the Vine Street police are in possession of numerous complaints against Gilbert Davis and Co.

Following the gold watches appeared a number of mystery packets and a bid of 5s. was asked for. This being obtained from a number of people, several more articles were added, and £1 was asked for the lot. One man protested and demanded the packet for 5s., but this was refused on the ground that three other gentlemen, whose identity was not disclosed, had willingly paid the full amount.

Captain John Stevenson, Secretary of the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers

By way, presumably, of heaping shame on his parsimonious head, a canteen of cutlery was auctioned, together with a gold watch, three £5 Bank of England notes and £3 10s. in Treasury notes, and pounced on eagerly by a down-at-heel person for £60!

Guarantee, with conditions

After that the auctioneer felt justified in passing a few remarks on the hardihood of the miserable being in front of him who had endeavoured, as he put it, to impose on him to the tune of 15s. He did not omit to emphasise his own honesty and kindness of heart, and so effective was his oration that some impressionable members of the audience looked positively menacing, and the 5s. bidder thought it expedient to depart.

A visit was subsequently paid to Messrs. Arnold and Co., of 419, Strand, who announce that they have numerous branches. Strangely enough two individuals, eager to acquire Messrs. Arnold's glittering and gaudy wares, had taken part at Gilbert Davis and Co.'s auction!

A similar pantomime was gone through, the lure being some "rich single pearl tiepins" at 2s. each, and a yellow metal cigarette case free gratis and for nothing. Then came the inevitable watches. There were three ladies' wrist watches and three massive hunters.

Our representative acquired a specimen of the former for 30s. The auctioneer, a Mr. S. Dubow, insisted that he only parted with the watches by way of an advertisement.

Sailing near the wind

If the watch had received fair treatment, it would have come into sudden contact with the brazen face of Mr. Dubow and its sound condition seriously imperilled. A jeweller valued it at a maximum of 12s. 6d., and our opinion is that it would be dear at 5s.

In a recent case at a provincial sessions, where a woman was courageous enough to prosecute, a plea was made on behalf of the defending auctioneer that the methods employed were not criminal, and amounted only to sharp selling or smart salesmanship.

It would have been more accurate to say that the methods were not illegal, for, unfortunately, they are quite within the law. If it is not criminal to bluff and browbeat simple members of the public into parting with their money for useless trash, we do not know what is.

A Forest Affair

No Safeguard for Investors

WE have repeatedly felt it our duty to warn the public against investing capital in concerns located outside these islands without making judicious inquiry into the bona fides of such enterprises.

Ever since the days of the South Sea Bubble, fortunes have been lost by too trusting investors. Companies bearing flamboyant titles and organised for all kinds of interesting purposes are born every day.

Co-operative forests

It is with the object of putting the unwary on their guard, therefore, that we direct attention to the New Zealand Perpetual Forests, Ltd., a New Zealand company, bonds of which are being offered to the public through Messrs. Smith, Wylie and Co., Thanet House, 231, Strand, W.C.

The prospectus of this concern is a really gorgeous affair, and it contains the interesting information that the company's object is the creation of "forests of exotic trees, on co-operative principles."

An absurd suggestion

In view of the fact that Sir Francis Bell, Attorney-General of New Zealand, has thought it necessary to warn British investors against certain afforestation companies appealing for support in this country, a representative of JOHN BULL called at the offices of the New Zealand High Commissioner in London with reference to the prospectus mentioned.

An official declared that it was not the policy of the Commissioner's department either to advise people to invest in New Zealand companies, or to deter them from doing so.

He suggested that the best way to find out whether the company was genuine or not would be to go out and inspect the land on the spot.

Following upon the declared opinion of Sir Francis Bell, before the New Zealand Legislative Council, that the investment of money in afforestation schemes is like taking tickets in "sweeps," this attitude on the part of the High Commissioner's Department is not likely to help prospective British investors.

British names wanted

According to the prospectus o New Zealand Perpetual Forests, Ltd., the entire directorate is domiciled outside of Great Britain.

Before appeals are made to the public here, the prospectus should contain the names of people of known integrity in England who would be responsible to the shareholders

Rough on the Bookie

Odds on Watson

THIS is to introduce Mr. F. Watson, of Barum Hall, Halifax. Mr. Watson is the ideal racing tipster. He never fails to tip the winner in any event you care to mention.

We confidently predict that Mr. Watson will give the winner, not only of the Cesarewitch and the November Handicap, but, if he is still to the fore, of every one of next year's classics. He is bound to do it, as we shall presently show.

Mr. Watson first came to our admiring notice when the sporting public were exercised over the probable result of the St. Leger. On September 4 he distributed a circular from Barum Hall, accompanied by a green slip containing his tip for Doncaster.

"Dear Sir," said he, "I have recently witnessed certain private trials, and have in my possession exclusive hints *re* the anticipated winners of the St. Leger and the Rufford Handicap run next Wednesday.

"I am anxious to do all my old and prospective clients a good turn, and accordingly I enclose for you entirely free these two specials.

"Don't be put off. I know all there is to know, and I send you these with assurance, and my compliments, knowing full well that I shall recover all your losses, or add to your winnings, and make you a grateful client to the end of the season, at your bookmaker's expense."

All very nice and sporting, if it is rather rough on the bookmaker. It will be observed that the tip was given entirely free, though that does not mean that Mr. Watson will continue indefinitely on the same lines. That would be too much to expect.

Spotting the winner

"Immediately the horses have passed the post next Wednesday," he adds, "remit £3 for my Two Horse Nap Wires for the following week, and you will again have a big win. . . . . A remittance of £12 prepaid will cover all wires to the end of the flat season."

Naturally, if any "old and prospective" clients receive a winner free for one race, they will be the more inclined to trust Mr. Watson with the £3 for a future event. And the winner will be given. We repeat that Watson cannot fail.

This is how he does it. In the St. Leger tip one of our readers was given Bucellas, another, in a different town, Warden of the Marches, while Cross Bow, Roidore, My Crackers, etc., etc., were also tipped to win.

A lucky stroke

It is patent that by going carefully through the list of entries, and making sure that no horse is omitted from the tips, Mr. Watson has struck on an infallible system. And some of his clients are bound to win—but only some.

"Ignore flash advertisements *and guess-work rubbish*," says Mr. Watson. We like that. There is no guess-work with Mr. F. Watson.

Something to Talk About!

On to the Million!

ENTHUSIASM for our campaign to reach the million is reaching fever pitch.

Suggestions of all kinds reach us daily, and they are all receiving our careful attention.

A suggestion we make to our readers in return is that they talk about our campaign to their friends and acquaintances.

That is all—talk about it! Talk the million—and go on talking about it!

And a good talking angle is contained in the slogan to which we award this week's fiver:

"1,000,000 without the one is nothing.
Be the essential one to make the million."

Mr. J. B. Fair, of 80, Lightwoods Road, Bearwood, Birmingham, who sent in the above slogan, has got hold of the right idea.

Incidentally, Mr. Fair is another friend who believes in deeds rather than words, for he adds at the end of his letter, "Have introduced a new reader!"

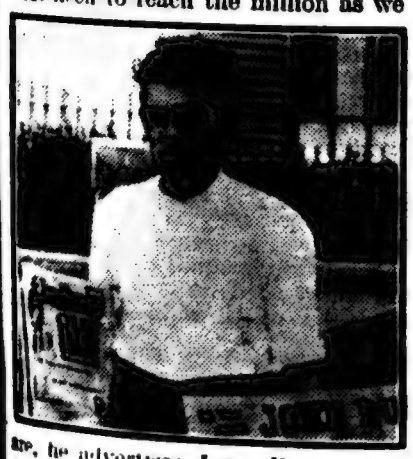
So as well as talking about that million keep on keeping on. While John Bull's offer is available, take advantage of the great opportunity to get a 10s. 6d. Razor Set for yourself *and* for a friend. Do him a good turn and yourself one as well.

We are in the straight now: a united effort by our readers will see us past the post and home, a million to one winner!

A Practical Reader

MR. F. E. MATTHEWS whose photograph we reproduce here, is a reader who is not content with sending us good wishes.

As keen to reach the million as we are, he advertises John Bull as he goes about his work, and in a letter just received he says:



"Up to the present I have obtained nineteen new readers. Next week I will guarantee I shall bring my total to fifty. By the end of September I hope to have close on two hundred new readers."

This is practical help indeed! As Mr. Matthews says: "We *will* succeed in reaching our million!"

MORGAN THE MUG-HUNTER

A TALE OF TWO TWISTERS

Rude Awakening for Investors

THE authorities of Scotland Yard should immediately turn their attention to the sinister activities of one of the biggest and most hardened scoundrels it has ever been our duty to expose.

This rogue has robbed an army of victims already, and is now engaged in a campaign by which many thousands more dupes will be caught if prompt official action is not taken to end his swindling career.

During the past few months advertisements have been appearing prominently in the Press for managers who were to receive a minimum income of £10 a week. The advertisements we have in mind have been inserted by a firm called Charles Morgan & Co., Manufacturers of Modes, Mantles and Gowns.

Charles Morgan & Co., as far as one might judge from its notepaper, is a somewhat imposing concern. It was formed at the beginning of this year, with offices at 36 & 37, Queen Street, Cheapside, London, E.C.4, with show-rooms at 33, Duke Street, Mayfair, and work-rooms at Chingford.

Mabel's pretty little scheme

Applicants for its managerial posts received very glowing letters from Mabel Bronte Morgan, in which she pointed out that Morgan & Co. supplied only the very best dresses at the lowest cost, and that under the splendid scheme of salesmanship they had compiled, competent workers could earn £10 per week in commission alone, apart from a handsome salary.

So far, so good. But Mabel could not, naturally, afford to give away for nothing the secrets of her way to reach the golden path to fortune. Still, this difficulty was soon overcome. All applicants had to do was to invest between £150 and £250 in the business in return for which they would get alluring positions.

The woman's real identity

Our Special Commissioner has just investigated the whole business of Charles Morgan & Co., and we have no hesitation in saying that it is a glaring flat-trap and swindle.

The official history of the firm is not very helpful—all that the Registry of Business names informs an enquirer is that Mabel Bronte Morgan, of Mount Echo, Chingford, Essex, filed herself as "sole proprietor" in May last—but where official records fail, John Bull can now fill in the gaps.

Mabel Bronte Morgan is not Mabel Bronte Morgan at all. She was born with the name of Mabel Bronte Murphy (which perhaps accounts for much of her Irish blarney) and a few years ago she became the wife of William Roscoe Langton.

She does not appear to have kept her marriage vows long, as we are able to say that for some considerable time she has been very closely associated with an old rascal named Roland Morgan, whose name she has borrowed for some years.

Mabel and Roland Morgan have brought off some rather pretty coups together. About eighteen months ago, before Charles Morgan & Co. was formed, they became interested in a concern at Highbury which dealt in millinery and the like.

Roland tricks his colleagues

Roland Morgan, in the alias of Charles Morgan, formed a limited company to exploit this business, induced a couple of wealthy gentlemen to put their money into it, and, with a plausible manner which is almost exclusively his, persuaded them to leave the affairs of the concern under his masterly control.

Without their knowledge, and with a great desire apparently to help himself as well as to help the trade, Roland, assisted by Mabel, advertised for people to invest their money. He told some most amazing stories—whole fortunes lay in store for those who were wise enough to invest. Let us see what happened.

For some months, until the beginning of the present year in fact, Roland Morgan, still using the name of Charles Morgan, carried on cheerfully. He had his own way in everything. Then suddenly, when the directors began to wonder what profits their money was making, and grew dissatisfied with Morgan's explanations and figures, they set about looking into affairs for themselves. They had a rude awakening.

Morgan had indeed made a good thing of it for himself and Mabel, if not for the firm. When the auditors were called in they found that they could not arrive at any proper estimate or accounts, as the book-keeping had been carried out in a most incomplete fashion, and was, according to them, "in a most unsatisfactory and irregular state."

They traced counterfoils of receipts given by Morgan for sums received on account of capital which did not appear in the books; the wages and petty cash ledgers had not been properly kept for months; no general meeting minutes were recorded in the books; and the "travelling expenses" were suspiciously high.

Mystery of a signature

Nor is that all. Morgan and Mabel had been dodging to and fro in a luxurious Sunbeam car hired and paid for by the firm, and had also been paying private obligations, and loaning money to friends and relatives, from the company's resources. Incidentally, Morgan had, in his spare moments, carried out the following pretty little coup.

Without the knowledge of the investing directors he induced a man, whose name and address we have, to invest £1,000 in the company. Now, as everybody knows, a share certificate has to be signed by at least two directors of a company.

In this case it was not, although it looked as though it were. Mr. Morgan had appended his own signature "Chas. Morgan," but the other signature was later repudiated, and the shareholder, when he found out, took the matter up in no uncertain manner. The end was that Morgan was compelled to relieve the firm of his engaging presence, and, in our opinion, he was very lucky to get out of it so cheaply.

"What's in a name?"

Just after this, at the Queen Street offices, Morgan started, in conjunction with a man named John Kellock, another glowing concern called Passenger Services, Limited ("passenger vehicle proprietors"), through which he was also anxious to get investors of £100 upwards.

Although the notepaper of this Morgan venture was headed "Passenger Services, *Limited*," no company of this name has ever been registered at Somerset House, and it would therefore be interesting to learn what vehicles this non-existing but investment-needing "limited company" owned!

Why was it necessary for Roland Morgan to change his name to Charles? Because in the summer of 1923 he was sent to jail at Birmingham for twelve months, on no fewer than thirteen counts, on charges of obtaining amounts of £2,500, £500, £2,000, £3,125, £59, £250 and so on, by false pretences!

A pleasant revelation. But even this is not all. The scoundrel is, we find, one of the most notorious company promoters extant.

His greatest coup was made through a concern called the Standard Housing Co., which, after an exciting and inglorious career, went into liquidation four years ago with a loss to the public of no less than £90,000!

Tricking local tradesmen, too!

This is the man who, with the generous and willing assistance of "Mabel Bronte Morgan," alias Langton, alias Murphy, is, from palatial offices in Mayfair, offering unwary investors jobs that will bring them (so they are told) wealth beyond the dreams of avarice!

Yes, Charles Morgan is one and the same as Roland Morgan, as William Speller, as William Rhodes Speller, and as William Langton—all names well known to the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard.

Roland and Mabel are living to-day at Mount Echo, Chingford. And to end our story fittingly, we have to say that this precious pair of adventurers are to-day being pressed by local coal contractors, fruiterers, wine and spirit merchants, bakers, dairymen, grocers and sundry other creditors, for accounts that they show a curious but persistent and irritating reluctance to pay.

AN ORIENTAL MONSTER

YELLOW SCOUNDRELS' WHITE VICTIMS

Grave Warning to English Girls

ONE aspect of the alien problem that the Home Secretary must not overlook is the coloured menace, and the extent of this can be understood when it is stated that there is a "yellow" population of over 60,000 in this country. A considerable number of these is engaged in the white-slave traffic. They constitute the Yellow Peril.

Liverpool's "Chinatown" is centred in the Pitt Street area, and one of the leaders is a Chinaman named Chan Chin Lee, who owned premises here and in St. James's Road.

Chan Chin Lee has been convicted for his crimes in this country and has been deported, but is back again, and has now secured control of three white girls.

Innocent victims

The worst aspect of the Yellow Peril is the consorting of Chinamen with white girls, and the result is that, in the "Chinatowns" of this country, the population is being increased by a large number of poor half-caste children.

The Chinese scoundrels have no pity for their white victims, as the tragic history of Madge Haywood proves. Madge fell into the hands of a Chinaman in Liverpool at the early age of fifteen, and before two years had passed became notorious in police and criminal circles as "Skinny Madge." At last she was arrested while employed in a Chinese laundry in Seaforth, on the outskirts of Liverpool.

Then it was found that she was so ill that the hospital was the only place for her. On arrival there the doctors certified that she was diseased as a result of her immoral life and suffering from opium poisoning. It was impossible to cure her, and she was eventually discharged. She returned to Chinatown, and her old way of living, and the last known of her was that she was in an advanced stage of tuberculosis.

This is the tragic fate that awaits the white women whom these Chinese undesirables marry.

Tragedy of the white wife

Loy Lum is a Chinaman who was smuggled into this country. When he was deported there was a little tragic group composed of his white wife and three half-caste children. Loy Lum had become notorious with the police, who from the first suspected that his business was far removed from the legitimate.

Loy first set up as a boarding-house keeper in Pitt Street, but this was merely camouflage for the foul trafficking that was his real business. He has been arrested for this, and sentenced to deportation; but what of his white wife and children?

That is the sting in the Yellow Peril. The white wife has two alternatives: either she can stay in this country with her half-caste children or accompany her deported husband to China.

If she accepts the latter she has to submit to the infamous taunts of the native Chinese women; she is not allowed any word in the education or control of the children, and is forced to share her Chinese husband's marital life with other women of the household.

A census taken of white women of the Magdalene class at different Chinese ports showed that nearly 80 per cent. had come out as the wives of deported Chinamen from this country. Of the degraded white women of the streets of the native districts of Canton there is hardly one who was not originally the wife of a deportee.

Our girls must be warned of the risks they are running in giving way to the fascination of Chinamen. In Limehouse it has been computed that over 200 white girls are now under the spell of the depraved Chinamen of Pennyfields. The number in Liverpool is nearly as large, while Swansea and Cardiff contribute their quota.

One result of our articles is the decamping of some of the traffickers. Hy Yong, who kept a fruit shop in Dickinson Street, a turning off the notorious Pitt Street, Liverpool, which he used for illegal purposes, decided that we had made things too hot for him; he is now in hiding in Rotterdam.

The ever-open door

A similar move has been made by Cook Fong, who lived at 34, Cornwallis Street, Liverpool, with his white wife and three children. This artful Oriental managed to get from the police a permit to go on board the boats in the docks and sell buttons, needles, tapes and other odd items. Under cover of this he was able to indulge in various forms of criminality but decided that this country is becoming too unhealthy and so scuttled to Hamburg.

There is no question as to the menace of the undesirable yellow man who is trafficking in white slavery and drugs. He finds in this country an asylum that no other grants. We call on the Home Secretary to follow the example of America, where no Chinese seamen are allowed in dock, and the example of Australia, where only a small quota of Chinese immigrants is allowed to settle.

Adolphus the Audacious

A Case for Enquiry

ABOUT three years ago an enterprising and elegantly attired gentleman named Adolphus Fielder established himself at 33, Cavendish Square, W.1, and described himself as the promoter of the "Birmingham International Exhibition."

To inaugurate this great exhibition scheme he gave a splendid lunch at the Ritz Hotel, at which the Viscount Templeton presided, and many other distinguished peers were present. Adolphus made a magnificent speech.

A council of bigwigs

In his enthusiasm he omitted to pay for the lunch at the Ritz Hotel, but he had notepaper printed headed "Birmingham International Exhibition," and gave, as members of his Council, Baron Hayashi, Japanese Ambassador; Sir Joseph Cook, High Commissioner for Australia; the Earls of Plymouth and Aylesford; the late Lord Leverhulme; the Lords Leigh, Aberdare and Kingsale, and Sir Frederick Ponsonby.

The Birmingham Exhibition did not materialise. The audacious Adolphus had hoodwinked the noblemen and was really engaged in lifting money from unsuspecting investors. From one poor fellow, in a long list of victims, he got as much as £5,000!

A futile threat

Soon after the lunch incident JOHN BULL came on the scene, and discovered that Fielder had a pretty bad career, and was an undischarged bankrupt on two counts. The noblemen resigned, and Adolphus threatened us with a libel action.

Failing to impress us as he had impressed the peers, he changed his tactics and begged us, almost at the point of tears, "not to say any more." We replied by putting the matter into the hands of the police, and he was sent to jail for twelve months.

One would have thought after that the Official Receiver and the police would have kept a strict eye on Mr. Fielder when he came out.

Not at all. Elegantly attired again, Adolphus went from jail to Canterbury, for the purpose of running another exhibition there.

At the outset, we saw that the police were advised of his movements. What has happened? Fielder has now been allowed to go bankrupt for the third time, and to rob people in precisely the same fashion as in the Birmingham fiasco. A few days ago he was sent to prison again.

Bad company law

Who, after this, will say that our Company Registration and Bankruptcy Departments are efficient, while unabashed scoundrels like Fielder can go to jail for one crime only to come out to do the same thing again?

A League of Shame

Advertisements to Ignore

WHO is the "Mr. Heathcote" who advertises regularly in the *Daily Telegraph* in the following terms?—

"All lonely people who want nice, good companions (at once) send add. env. to Mr. Heathcote, 150, Southampton Row, London, W.C 1. A Friend guaranteed."

Impelled by a desire to know more of the gentleman who almost daily inserts such a highly suspicious advertisement in one of London's most reputable newspapers, a reader of JOHN BULL went to the address.

Mr. Heathcote turned out to be the secretary of "The Christian Men and Women League," and his plausible manner and decorous, if somewhat faded, frock-coat assist in maintaining the illusion that his league partakes of a semi-religious character.

Running a terrible risk

When our reader arrived, Mr. Heathcote was seated in the midst of a vast array of pigeon-holes, packed with letters. One pigeon-hole was labelled "Ladies," another "Elderly ladies," another "Gentlemen," and a fourth "Apartments."

In reply to an enquiry, this elderly gentleman informed his caller that he was also connected with "The Lonely Men and Women League." He also offered to provide our reader with "a nice young lady," who would "amuse" him "for the night." For this service he demanded a fee of 10s. On receipt of this sum he went to the telephone and called for a number.

An appointment was made and later in the evening the JOHN BULL reader met the lady. She proved to be an attractive-looking young woman of about twenty-six, employed as a typist in a City office. She was practically friendless, she explained, and this "Lonely Men and Women League" seemed to provide a ready means of escaping from her plight.

Our readers will share our indignation at the unabashed rascality of a man who could bring about such a meeting. Having asked not a single question as to the character of his applicant who, for aught he knew, might have just stepped out of jail that morning after serving a sentence for some abominable offence, he proceeds to introduce him to a young woman of good character and small experience of the world and its ways.

A shocking record

Now who is "Mr. Heathcote"? He is none other than the infamous Adam Arthur, alias Sandy McNab, alias Arthur Hillcoat, who some years ago was sentenced by Mr. Justice Darling to two years' imprisonment for an abominable assault upon a thirteen-year-old girl!

The fact that "Mr. Heathcote" called at this office and threatened to expose JOHN BULL if we persisted in warning our readers against his shameful methods does not deter us in the least.

A "Red" Curate

Scattering the Flock

OUR sympathies go out to the people of the little Cornish village of Delabole. Lately, the pulpit of St. John's Church fell vacant, and the Rev. C. J. Bucknall was appointed curate-in-charge.

Instead of the peaceful sermons to which the simple villagers had been accustomed, they were treated to fulminations against the rich, the powerful and the highly placed, and violent denunciations of the whole social order.

Some examples of Mr. Bucknall's interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount, as applied to the modern world, are in our possession. They make interesting reading. Wherever the British flag flies, says Mr. Bucknall, it means freedom for the rich to rob the poor and kill their leaders. In his opinion, the Bolshevists are doing God's will more than the Christians in England.

The last straw

All this was bad enough, but when Mr. Bucknall publicly declared that the Church had betrayed its Master, the parishioners took him at his word and decided that the Church, as represented by St. John's, was no place for them. Some attended worship at the neighbouring parish church at St. Teath, while others decided to hold services of their own in the Co-operative Hall.

Mention of "The Catholic Crusade" in Mr. Bucknall's utterances has given the clue to his peculiar faith. He is, in fact, a disciple and close confederate of the notorious Rev. Conrad Le Despenser Noel, whose hoisting of the red flag over his church at Thaxted, Essex, a few years ago resulted in scenes of the most violent description.

For a time Mr. Bucknall was curate to Mr. Noel, who at that time styled himself "Chaplain-General of the Catholic Crusade of the Servants of the Precious Blood to Transform the Kingdoms of the World into the Commonwealth of God."

A limit to liberty

We have no wish to lend our support to any movement which might imperil the freedom of speech which is the heritage of all Britons. Mr. Bucknall, like Mr. Noel and all the brethren of the Catholic Crusade, are entitled to their opinions. They are not free, however, to express these opinions from the pulpit of a church which stands for something radically divergent.

History is not without instances of men who have found themselves in disagreement with a religion in which they have taken holy orders. The greatest of them have cut themselves adrift and embraced a life of penury rather than continue in a position of inherent falsity.

These men had courage. So long as Mr. Bucknall remains as curate-in-charge of St. John's, Delabole, he proves himself to be lacking in that virtue.

A WANTED WIRELESS WIZARD

ZAITZEFF RUNS AWAY

Our Exposure Justified

RECENTLY we were able to prove that in a £12,000 fraud in the wireless industry the tool, Hyman Gershon Weiner, was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, while the brains and prime mover, Charles Cohen, of Vallance Road, E., was able to elude the law and abscond to America.

Precisely the same thing has happened in another great swindle, also in the wireless industry. Some months ago we indicated as ring-leaders Ivan Anatole Zaitzeff, principal of the Lancashire Trading Co., Ltd., 25, Budge Row, E.C.1; Sascha Flatto, of Darag (London), Ltd., and Naum Abram Ludwin, of Importex, Ltd.

Following our exposure, the police took action. They were too late to catch Flatto, who disappeared to the Continent, but they were able to apprehend Zaitzeff and Ludwin, together with a young Englishman who had been appointed managing director of Importex, Ltd.

Leader escapes, followers suffer

In the interval between the police-court proceedings at Old Street and the trial a fortnight ago at the Old Bailey, Zaitzeff vanished. The only two to suffer were Ludwin, Zaitzeff's half-brother, and the young Englishman, who both received six months in the second division.

We have some pertinent questions to put with reference to the escape of Zaitzeff. The Old Street magistrate asked Detective-Inspector Divers, who was in charge of the case, whether he had any opposition to bail. While not entirely opposing bail, Inspector Divers pointed out that Zaitzeff was an un-naturalised alien, and, being unmarried, without ties in this country. It was also obvious from evidence brought that if the charges were well founded Zaitzeff must be in possession of ample means.

For some extraordinary reason the magistrate considered that £500 bail was high enough. We should like to know what prompted him to fix this trivial amount. The obvious thing happened. Zaitzeff decamped.

Judge Atherley Jones, who at the Old Bailey sentenced the lesser offenders here exposed

Why the police-officers responsible for keeping a watch on his movements while on remand were not more vigilant is another point which requires explanation.

It is highly improbable that Zaitzeff will now be brought to justice, although he and his confederates, to our knowledge, made at least £35,000 in England and Germany in less than a year. He managed to liquidate considerable assets in this country and to transport to Copenhagen the whole of his personal belongings. He himself went further afield and is at the moment in Kronstadt, Russia, from whence, of course, he cannot be extradited.

A partner defrauded

Had Zaitzeff appeared at the Old Bailey, it is certain that he would have received a heavier sentence than either of his confederates. Our representative was present at court and prepared to give evidence. Facts in his possession would have convinced any jury that Zaitzeff deserved as severe a penalty as the law permits.

Apart from his long-firm activities, he recently perpetrated a £4,000 fraud on an Englishman living in Hamburg. This man, through a nominee, formed a partnership with Zaitzeff, whom he supplied with a large quantity of goods which were to be disposed of in London.

Zaitzeff got rid of the goods quite successfully, but failed to remit the payments. Instead, he addressed certain blackmailing letters to the nominee demanding more money! It is also to our knowledge that he endeavoured to obtain perjured statements which would have enabled him to evade criminal proceedings.

A threat to "John Bull"

He approached one man with a request that he should give him a receipt for £1,000, which had never been paid out. He also attempted to concoct evidence that he had employed half a dozen travellers for six months at a monthly salary of £40 each.

Zaitzeff's effrontery knew no limits. After our first of three exposures of him and his friends, he threatened us with immediate proceedings if we did not recant and humbly apologise for our aspersions on his blameless business reputation. Finding that this had no effect, he called at the office and offered to give £500 to any charity we cared to mention if we could prove a single thing against him!

It is a pity that this rascal has not been made to suffer, but the public can console themselves with the reflection that the country is permanently rid of at least one very undesirable alien.

The Impudent Hatters

And a Bogus Officer from Poland

A GLARING example of the impudent fashion in which foreigners can trade without complying with our laws is illustrated in the story of the Direct Millinery Company, Ltd., Luton.

Under this imposing title, two brothers named Morris and Sidney Ryman, of Whitechapel, have been trading for some time as hat manufacturers at 88-90, Princess Street, Luton.

An alluring list

They represented themselves as having agencies in London, Liverpool, Leeds, Leicester, Bradford, Dublin, Glasgow, Cardiff, Newcastle, Nottingham, Sheffield, Bristol and Birmingham.

When a factory inspector complained of the condition of their premises, the brothers Ryman, both Poles, wrote to the town clerk on paper which did not disclose the names of the directors—as is very properly required under the Business Names Registration Act.

Brazen-faced abuse

Morris and Sidney Ryman had a particular reason for not disclosing this important information, since the Home Office had already refused them permission to trade, as they desired to do, under the more British and less Polish name of "John White and Co.," while the Registrar of Companies would not allow their Luton venture to be called, as these two Poles wished to call it, by the very British title of the "Luton Direct Millinery Company."

The Rymans did not mind, however, and impudently continued to abuse our laws, even after these had been specially explained to them.

British traders will be wise to be cautious in their dealings with this company, whose sole directors are the Polish brothers Ryman, which, formed only in March last, has a nominal capital of £500, and about which no helpful information as to its resources is yet available at Somerset House.

Posed as British officer

Some members of the Polish fraternity are much more impudent in abusing our laws than the Ryman duo. Ian Mizerski, for instance, came here recently on a Polish ship which was berthed in the Surrey Docks. He deserted the ship, got himself up in the uniform of a British officer, and lived here for some time by his wits without, of course, registering himself as an alien.

It is clear that while aliens can continue to get here in this way, the Home Secretary must take some stringent action.

The Sentence of the Court

OUR OWN 'DEAR' LAND

Another Escape of Gas

LLOYD GEORGE'S LAND SLIP

WITH the assurance of an old offender, thoroughly familiar with "Court" circles, David Lloyd George took up his berth in the dock and pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of trying to sell a "gold brick" camouflaged to represent a new and vigorous land policy.

"The accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "might with equal ease have been charged under the Vermin Destruction Act with adding to the mice plague, for his much-heralded Exeter speech, in which he unfolded, but did not unravel, the Liberal land policy, shows that the Welsh mountains, having laboured, have brought forth yet another mouse, which if it survives, will, I suppose, take its place in the Liberal political menagerie along with various white elephants in lions' clothing and other of Lloyd's missing friends.

"In this allegedly new Liberal land policy there is not a single idea which is not as old as the Welsh hills and about as inspiring as the performance of a wizard who has mislaid his rabbit. Announcing that 'Landlordism has completely broken down,' the accused proposes to reward landlords for their incapacity by paying them compensation, in the form of seemingly unlimited annuities, and to create a perpetual system of assisted tenancy under which farmers would be subject to the supervision of an army of bureaucrats.

"WE had hoped for an inspiring lead, but the most notable effect of this absurdly complicated system of grants, annuities and Government supervision would be to cause two bureaucrats to sprout where none grew before and to turn the cultivators of the land into overworked clerks who would have to fill up innumerable forms and obtain the august permission of urban agriculturists in Whitehall before bringing up a mangel-wurzel in the way it should grow."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter claimed that his learned friend had grossly misrepresented Mr. Lloyd George's policy. His proposals might seem complicated, but so, too, was the question with which they dealt. Something more than the wave of a magician's wand and the intoning of those blessed words "Hey presto" was required to solve the land problem.

* * *

"I REFUSE to be intimidated by the alleged astonishing complexity of this matter," said Mr. Justice Bull. "All that is necessary is a Bill of one clause announcing that after a certain date all rent for land shall be paid to the Government. From this the Government would take a rent tax which would enable it immediately to do away with the rates which now constitute such a heavy burden on land, and ultimately to abolish all other taxes, as the money now paid in rent is more than sufficient to cover all the expenses of government.

"Landlordism has broken down because the private ownership of land is an anomaly as ridiculous as would be the private ownership of air or sunlight. The Liberals have for long talked (and even sung) of giving the land back to the people, but what the prisoner proposes doing is to give the money of the people back to the landlords. Instead of grappling with this question in a statesmanlike manner, he has sent across a gas barrage behind which he evidently hopes to advance to power.

"To mark the Court's disapproval of such tactics, I sentence him to pay a fine equal to six months of his salary from the Hearst Press."

In Sunshine Ward

DAWN OF A NEW DAY

Through Purgatory to Paradise

by PHILIP INMAN

I WAS walking along the Leas at Folkestone the other day when I heard someone call my name. I turned round to see a girl, young and pretty, coming forward to greet me. With her was a middle-aged woman, whose face seemed vaguely familiar. "You remember my mother?" queried the girl. As soon as I heard her voice the wings of memory carried me back to an experience of some months ago.

* * *

TO-DAY I want to introduce my readers to the patient occupying bed No. 17 in the Royal Albert Ward of a London hospital. She is a girl one would instinctively notice because of her striking personality. The deathly pallor of her face serves to emphasise the remarkable beauty of her features.

She has just passed through a severe physical strain, and in her eyes there is a look of strange wistfulness. By her bedside hangs a chart which at once attracts attention. It looks like a leaf out of a child's drawing-book. In reality it is the registration of the patient's temperature, and those uphill and down-dale strokes show how really ill she has been.

AT the top of the chart is her name, and her age is given as twenty-two. Twenty-two, and what a character to have acquired! It sounds incredible that one so young should have such a knowledge of the seamy side of life.

This girl, whose very appearance cries out against the degradation, had for years lived in the sordid atmosphere of London's underworld. When nineteen she became addicted to the drug habit, and, in satisfying her cravings, like Dante she saw "Satan's invisible world displayed." She became a frequenter of shady and ill-famed night clubs. She did not shame to associate with gamblers, coiners and blackmailers.

Her entrance into the hospital was an indication of the depths to which she had sunk. Accompanied by a man of colour, she begged for admission on the pretext that she was suffering from appendicitis. It was evident she was ill, and a bed was at once prepared for her. But when she came to be medically examined the truth came to light. An illegal operation was the trouble, and she remained for days in an extremely grave condition.

During that critical time there sat by this girl's bedside her mother. She knew the whole wretched story of her daughter's life of debauchery, and it was easy to see how she felt the disgrace of it all. But when death knocked at the door failure and disappointment were banished away.

Philip Inman

One of my poignant memories is of that woman pleading with the doctors to save her child. Talk of revolution is in the air to-day. Whatever changes may take place in this world of ours, a mother's love will last so long as life endures.

So through the days and far into the nights that woman watched and waited for a sign. At last it came. Into that human frame the spark of life was rekindled, and the girl returned from the shadows.

* * *

IT was this girl who spoke to me at Folkestone. She is spending a quiet week with her mother before her marriage which is to take place next month. I would never have believed it possible for anyone to have changed so completely. Happiness and health radiate from her. "On stepping-stones of her dead self she had risen to higher things."

What is the secret of her redemption? Her will power has reasserted itself, but that is only part of the story. She has been won back to sanity by the persistent moral impetus of a good mother. She has come through purgatory to the gates of paradise.

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

In Mespot, John did not bank on
Continued occupation.
To hold this pup till it grows up
Arouses indignation.

Old King Cole is on the dole;
And is there any wonder!
While miners get the blood and sweat,
And others get the plunder.

How is it that she keeps so fat,
And he so thin beside her?
He's scarce a bite from morn to night,
While nothing is denied her.

He's got that hat, but what of that?
It's simply force of habit;
It's mere effect, we don't expect,
That he'll produce the "rabbit."

The Plain Man's Religion

by **GIPSY SMITH** *(the famous Evangelist)*

DEEP down in the hearts of the people is a longing for better things. Party shibboleths and revolutionary schemes are unsatisfying. There is a feeling of unrest and distrust in the world, a seeking after something which orthodox Christianity has failed to supply

PLAIN men are groping after the truth about religion and the slogan for the hour is: "Back to God." The plain man is conscious of a deep-seated desire for better things. He is unsettled in his mind and unsatisfied in his soul: all the talk of revolution that is the result of social discontent is symptomatic of one thing: the plain man wants religion. And he won't be happy till he gets it!

All the empty shibboleths of the moss-covered, moth-eaten paraphernalia of the pulpit have to give place to a plain unvarnished gospel that will have its reflection in the man's life and conduct. In the past, many good souls have been hopelessly damned by getting lost in the maze and haze of ecclesiastical dogma and doctrine.

All the dogma and doctrine that I can find room for in the plain man's religion is centred in the one word "change." If a man's life is not changed by his religion there's something worse than wrong with the religion. That is the essential difference between true religion and false—*it changes things.*

Good-for-nothing "religion"

Religion is no good unless it keeps the shopkeeper from sticking false labels on his goods, or prevents the plasterer putting up a ceiling that he knows will crack in six months, or keeps the driver from whipping his horses to ten miles an hour with an overload on the van, or the greengrocer from putting the only sound apples on the top of the basket, or the cobbler from soling shoes with brown paper. Religion is either good for everything or good for nothing.

On the other hand, I have met thousands of men and women whose lives have been transformed and transfigured by the divine touch of true religion. I have seen a confirmed inebriate pray, while drunk, for this character-changing religion and rise from his knees a sober man.

A friend of mine, a Salvation Army officer, was recently telling me of a sailor who knelt at the penitent form at Sheerness, and after a hard struggle with his own evil nature was able to pray his first prayer. "O Lord," he prayed, "I fank yer for takin' me in 'and, but I must say as 'ow I admires yer pluck!"

There is humour in this true incident: there is more. It shows that true religion can grip a foully bad man and stagger him with surprise by changing him. And so if you want to test out a man and find if his religion is real, discover if it has changed him.

What this tear-stained world needs is the Plain Religion of the Plain Man; the world has got off the lines because it has lost its religion: it has got out of step with the Carpenter of Nazareth. And I am not acquitting the Church nor some of we preachers of guilt. I am not sure that some of us are not guilty of having presented religion in a false light.

Worshipping a golden statue

We have built elaborate churches and staged ornate services; hired choirs to do our hymn-singing and clergymen to do our prayer-praying. We have drawn word-pictures of a God Who is a cross between a field-marshal and a statue of gold. We have made our religion as uncomfortable as our pews, and our churches as cold as our welcome to stray worshippers.

If the plain man is to get religion—or let religion get him—it has to be presented accurately. Instead of our churches being comfortable only for the wealthiest, we have to show that the Founder of Christianity was a poor working-man, born in a stable (like many modern babies in these days of house-shortage), often homeless and hungry and always unpopular. He was never received at Court, nor was he one of the "lions" at a Society garden-party or public dinner.

In the third place, I find that the plain man's religion is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. The caricaturists have conspired and combined to take the sun out of Sunday, hang religion with crepe, and deck it in a costume of sackcloth and ashes. No wonder the plain man prefers a hearty laugh with Charlie Chaplin and a rollicking song at the free-and-easy.

Laugh and grow good!

In this matter of joy-making True Religion can beat the cinema and the pub to a frazzle. If the cinema wins it is because the caricaturists have done their worst with religion. There is no legitimate joy, nor recreation, nor pleasure, nor sensation that true religion denies to the plain man.

From the very moment I take the platform I try to get on close, intimate terms with my audience, and I sometimes get an inward chuckle from the shocked faces of some of the unco' guid caricaturists when I happen to crack a joke with my listeners. But why shouldn't we laugh? We enjoy ourselves in our parlours and at our parties; what is there in religion that denies us the same enjoyment in our churches and at our services?

There's something wrong with those religionists who haven't a smiling heart. "Once our hopes were on the willow tree, but now our hearts are bright and free." In true religion we have "found the joy that will never die."

True religion is not a collection of sharp technicalities and angular facts and chronological tables and mouldy statistics; it is not night-shade or cypress. It is a bundle of sweet-smelling myrrh; it is a sparkle with holy light and ablaze with heavenly radiance. And it transfers its fragrance and brilliance and radiance to the character of the man it touches.

How they get the hump

I know that there have been caricaturists who have taken the spice out of religion and have got hump-backed by carrying a load of trouble that never happens. There has been nothing piquant or elevating about them or their "religion"; the psalms they have hummed have been pitched in a minor key; their music has been a dirge, never a jig; they have played the piano with the left hand, and have forgotten to let the birds trill and the waters trickle among the keys of the upper register.

It is not for me to discredit their "religion," but I may be permitted to be grateful that religion hasn't taken me that way. Who wants a religion woven out of the shadows of the night? Why should a religion get into the windpipe and become a strangulation instead of an exhilaration? Why talk of the "joys of heaven" and regard the joys of earth as devil-tainted?

Then, I want to say of the plain man's religion that it is common-sensical. Time was when "religion" was presented in such a manner that it was just sufficient to insult the intelligence of a kindergarten, and so the impression gained currency that religion was only fit for children

Gipsy Smith

and the aged. To be religious you either had to be too young or too old to be anything else.

But the plain man's religion is hall-marked common-sense. It is perfectly logical and appeals as much to the head as the heart. The astounding thing to me is that it is generally the case that those who refuse to have anything to do with religion on the grounds that it lacks common-sense do not hesitate to dabble in politics. If anyone can tell me anything more stupid than modern politics I should enjoy hearing of it!

Tricks of politics

The basis of the plain man's religion is unadulterated logic; it is founded on the inevitability of consequence—"Whatever ye sow ye shall reap." Is that stupid; is it illogical? Is it not a challenge to straight-up living? Does it not contain more common-sense than the political creed of "My Party, right or wrong?"

Religion would mean an end to sweated labour; the demolition of all slum property; the granting to every child born an equal and fair chance in life; the abolition of ca' canny, and the development in every man of those latent instincts for the high and noble things.

True religion does not shut the door on the sun-spots of life; it does not put a premium on sanctimonious melancholy; it does not erect a hedge of "Thou-shalt-nots" around the world's innocent pleasures.

The religion of the plain man makes him treat his fellow-man as a pal; it makes him fit for this world, which is the only way to be made fit for the next; it is more concerned with making him a good citizen than a good churchman, for the latter follows the former.

The new Jerusalem

If every plain man lets true religion get hold of him the politicians can take an everlasting holiday, because there will be no social evils to cure or internal problems to solve. Social evils and internal problems are the result of putting a moratorium on true religion—war and poverty, crime and degradation, unemployment and squalor are all the natural offspring of irreligion. They can all be buried in the mausoleum of ancient evils by the universal acceptance of the plain man's religion.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., 10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—When you came to the agreement with the miners and owners no one doubted that during the truce things should remain as they were.

That is what a truce means. The miners, the public, and in all probability the Government and the owners, understood that during the truce no alteration should take place in the miner's wage.

The owners having discovered a very questionable loophole, took full advantage by reducing the wages of hundreds of miners. When appealed to, as the nation's umpire in this dispute, you go back on the interpretation of the agreement that you had allowed to be generally accepted and take sides with the owners.

It may be that the owners are legally right, but in the eyes of the public, they and you, are morally wrong. You knew in July, as you must know now, that if you had declared then the interpretation that you now put upon your signed word, the agreement would not have been made and the industrial war would have started.

Either you obtained that agreement under false pretences or you are now "ratting" on your bond. You will be wise to remove this aspersion on your boasted "simple honesty."

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—There is one loophole in the Aliens' Restriction Act which will have to be stopped up. If a foreign woman, however undesirable, manages to trap an unwary British citizen into lawful marriage she ranks for the future as a British subject and is immune from the attention of the police. The fact that these marriages are in many cases a hollow formality devised to cover the sinister activities of the worst type of alien is notorious. Please give the matter your attention and see what can be done to counteract this growing evil. The British public dislikes being fooled.

JOHN BULL.

To E. T. NEATHERCOAT, Esq., C.B.E., J.P., President, Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

DEAR SIR,—You point out that a thousand lives are lost each year through poisons taken intentionally or in mistake, or with deliberate intent to murder. Also, that poisons which take the largest toll are those still most easily obtainable. I have constantly pointed out the ever-present menace, and although in many cases a murderer's guilt is put beyond doubt by the regulation which enforces registration of purchase, I am thoroughly in agreement with your view that it would be better to have regulations which put poisons beyond his reach.

JOHN BULL.

To the Very Rev. W. R. INGE, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's.

VERY REV. SIR,—Addressing a body named the Dolphin Coterie—certainly listening to you it must have been all at sea—you gave another of your remarkable fulminations on the crushing out by taxation of the only worthwhile people, the middle-classes. To remedy this you would condemn the larger number of the children of the poor to perpetual ignorance. If they will have families you would limit State education to three in each. I have sometimes thought you amusing, often negligible, but now I consider you a disgrace to the Church and a betrayer of its Founder. You should get out of it.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. KATHERINE PARSONS, Leigh Place, Exeter.

DEAR MADAM,—Alleging that your son, a pupil at the Central School, had been subjected to undue punishment, you proceeded to the school, threatening to twist the neck of one of the women teachers and break every bone in her body. You are a disgrace to your sex. The magistrate treated you lightly in binding you over for twelve months in the sum of £10. The law exists for the redress of grievances. That you did not appeal to it proves you an unbalanced woman,

JOHN BULL.

To MARK ELSOM, Lincoln.

DEAR ELSOM,—Selling newspapers in the City streets you found a half-crown among your pennies. Instead of profiting by a customer's mistake you lodged 2s. 5d. with the police until the man claimed it. I wish you well in life. It is honesty in small things which shows ability to be entrusted with great, a fact the Lincoln magistrates have recognised by presenting you with a watch.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. MITCHELL, Peacehaven.

DEAR SIR,—When George Hulme, a lad from an orphan home, was accused by John Blewett, his employer, of theft, the Bench found it a most unjustifiable and cruel prosecution. It is a serious thing for a man like Blewett, unable to keep his books in a decent state, to saddle an innocent lad with embezzlement. You have offered to take Hulme to your home and teach him a trade. It is a Christian act.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. J. E. S. HACKFORTH, Chaddesden Vicarage, Derbyshire.

DEAR SIR,—You find that a poor wretch, cast into prison because, after freely hazarding his life for his country, he is found wandering without visible means of subsistence, laughs in your face if you talk to him of God. You are not surprised he has no belief in Christians, and think prisons are breeding-grounds of revolutionaries. This is knocking home truth with sledge-hammer blows. Get on with it. It's needed.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. THOMAS ROGERS, Lancaster.

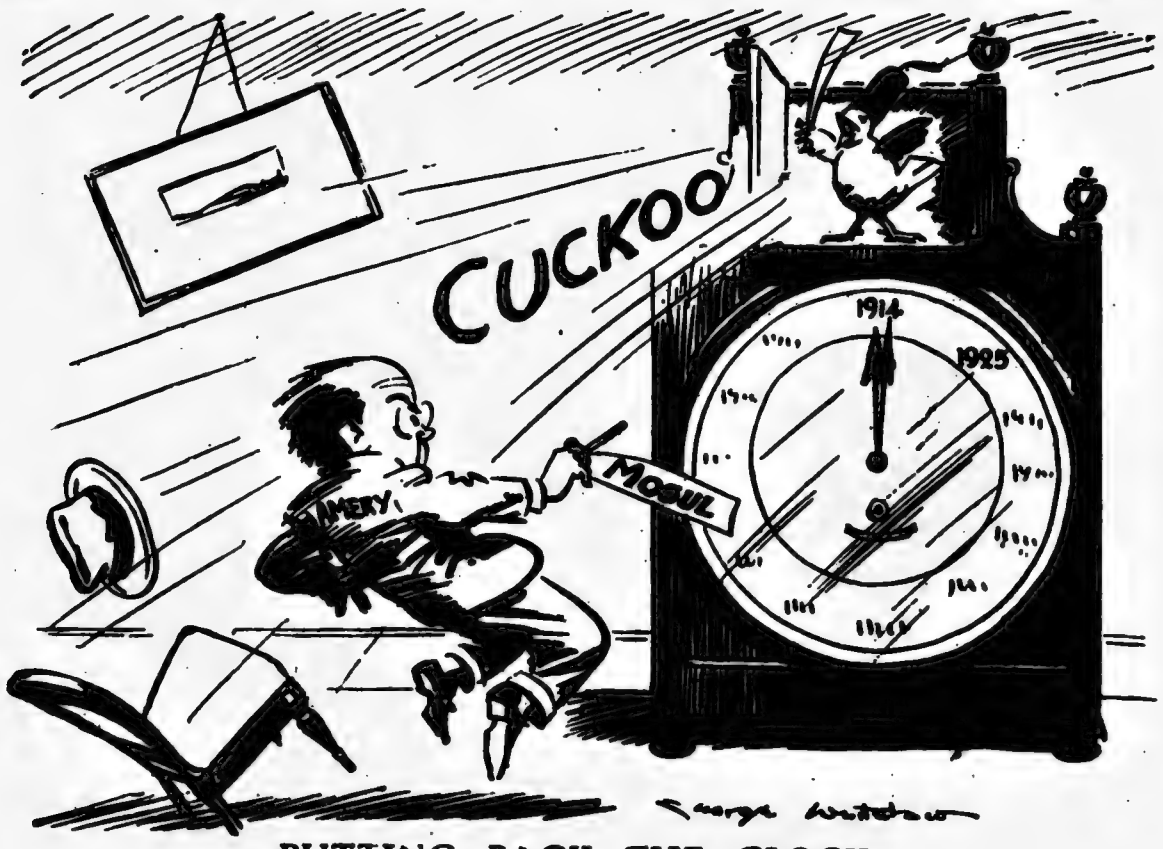
DEAR SIR,—As an employee of Messrs. Waring and Gillow, you have worked for seventy-three years in the same corner of their furniture factory, and are still happy and contented, with real love for your work. When Lord Waring, in presenting you with a gold watch on your eighty-seventh birthday, said you were an outstanding example of the best type of British workman, he spoke the simple truth. I wish similar cordial relations existed between all employed and their employers.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP, High Street, Acton.

DEAR SIR,—For the second time you have been convicted of offering short weight bread to the extent of 6 oz. per loaf. This means hardship to those already paying much too dear for bread, and much unholy gain to those who sell. The Romans had a short way with short-weight bakers—they baked them in their own ovens. I would not go back to barbarity, but I would have fined you more than £3. The maximum penalty of £100 should have been imposed.

JOHN BULL.



PUTTING BACK THE CLOCK

[Summer Time Ends Next Sunday.]

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. C. R. COPPOCK:—"The day is fast coming when the workers are going to 'take over.'"

Loose, high-falutin' nonsense. Enfranchised citizens "take over" every time they use the ballot-box.

SIR PERCY JACKSON:—"We have the best country, the best people, and most comforts of any in the world."

And manage all so badly that we keep the best people unemployed and reduce their comforts to the dole.

MR. ARTHUR KITSON:—"Our antiquated, pre-War monetary system places our industries in a strait-jacket."

Our industries are restricted by taxation imposed by antiquated, pre-War brains.

SIR GEORGE PAISH:—"Europe is heading straight for bankruptcy."

Then it is up to those who know to point the path from the precipice.

Without Fear or Favour

HANDS OFF WAGES!

The Naked Truth

WEEK by week the Press is filled with dismal tales of stagnant industry, figures of unemployment that are staggering in their immensity, stories of the houseless, the hungry and the hopeless.

Does the fortunate section of the population that still has work, and that still knows where its next meal is to come from, know what lies behind these cold facts and still colder figures?

Do our Members of Parliament realise what a terrifying responsibility they assume when they shirk tackling the cancer that is slowly eating the very heart out of the nation?

Does the Cabinet that does not meet even picture to itself the problem in terms of human life and hopeless misery?

Let us try to enlighten them. Capt. Cyril George Royston, only thirty-four years old, of Old Quebec Street, London, is the son of General Royston, killed in the South African War — facts that render more bitter his hopeless trudge, trudge, trudge, after work which never materialised.

Day after weary day he set forth, his pockets filled with cuttings giving promising addresses, standing at dock gates, willing to take any description of job. And day after day he returned unsuccessful and more dispirited.

Then he sought relief in a gas-filled room, and when rescued plunged an Indian dagger into his chest.

So he lies, stricken, in hospital, and his girl-wife still waits—and still hopes.

There are millions like Capt. Royston, millions of men who are beaten, despairing, without hope.

And they must wait yet another month before Parliament will deign to turn its attention to them.

When Parliament does reassemble it will open with prayers. Better that the case of Royston and the millions like him were shouted in thunder tones.

Harassed Housewives

THE alarming disclosures of the way the shopping public is being fleeced by unscrupulous traders deserve the speedy attention of Parliament, to whom a statement is being submitted by the Chief Inspector of Weights and Measures for Manchester.

In face of his revelations there is no doubt that wholesale frauds are being practised by means of short weight.

It is bad enough in these days that housewives have to face an ever-increasing cost of living, but when to this is added a deliberate system of short-weight robbery—which in its effect means still higher prices—it is indeed time for stern notice to be taken of it.

The astonishing thing is that, no matter how numerous the complaints, the inspectors of weights and measures are powerless to protect the public.

Clearly the giving of short weight and measure should be made a penal offence, just as is the use of defective weights and scales.

If the law cannot prevent profiteering it can at least prevent deliberate deception within its very shadow.

Lazy Employers and Starved Workers

THE Prince of Wales says that the only thing wrong with British goods is that they are too dear. To cheapen production by depressing wages, however, is a fallacious doctrine. Underpaid labour is unproductive labour

WHENEVER the plight of British industry is debated, the slogan "Cheapen the Cost of Production" runs through the discussion like a recurring musical refrain. Cheapen the cost of production and we shall recover our lost export markets. Cheapen the cost of production and we shall regain our vanished commercial supremacy. Only let us learn to produce cheaply, and we can meet and whack the world!

Now all this is doubtless very true. The mischief of it is, however, that when it comes to putting this principle into practice there is a very common type of employer who can think of nothing to cut down but his wages bill.

The late Lord Leverhulme, whose business policy was a complete refutation of the "cheap wages" cry.

The lesson which the present-day employer—with a few happy exceptions here and there—has yet to learn is that to reduce wages is not necessarily to cheapen production. Low-paid labour is not of necessity cheap labour; indeed, it very seldom is cheap labour.

To cut wages is the easy way out for the lazy employer, too stupid to organise, too indolent to plan and think. The wiser heads in the employing class, the Henry Fords in America, the Leverhulme type in England, know full well that the target to aim at is not economy, but efficiency. Make sure of efficiency and economy will look after itself.

THE present-day gospel of cheapening production by cutting wages is a first-rate economic heresy. Hardly anywhere in the field of British industry do wages exceed the bare minimum necessary for decent family life, and to depress wages in the great staple trades must of necessity mean to make heavy inroads upon the health and bodily vigour of those upon whose strong right arms the forging of the nation's wealth depends.

The workman who is underfed, underclothed, starved of recreation, robbed of life's normal enjoyments, will not pull his weight in the industrial boat. Underpaid labour is wasteful, unproductive labour. The best employers know this already. The others must be taught.

Unless a man has a certain amount of good food in his stomach, enough clothing to protect him against a treacherous climate, and reasonable opportunities for rest and recreation, he will be no more competent to meet the heavy demands of modern industry than a flabby City clerk to hold his own in the prize-ring.

THE surest way to cheapen production is to eliminate waste. The announcement that three-and-a-half million working days were lost in Great Britain last year through rheumatic ailments, to say nothing of coughs, colds, influenza and similar diseases, should provide thoughtful observers of the industrial situation with food for reflection.

Any further depression of the wages standard will inevitably lower the workers' physical resistance and expose them still more to the assaults of illness.

Intelligent measures of public health will return their initial cost a hundredfold in increased efficiency and power to increase output.

What the British employer has to do is to learn to organise his business so as to eliminate every shred of waste, to plan and think and work, and to cease the senseless clamour for wage reductions which only cause bad blood between Capital and Labour, without advancing us an inch along the road to a revival of trade.

The nation whose only idea of cheapening production is to force down wages has begun to prey on its own vitals.

Mandarin Madness

THERE is hope at Pembroke and Rosyth that the light of reason has at last returned to the gold-braided mandarins of the Admiralty who decreed the closing down of these two important dockyards.

Dismissals have been suspended "until further notice," a result probably of the anger in Pembroke and the widespread indignation in Scotland, where the more fiery of the Home Rulers have seized upon the affair as an argument for secession from England.

It is curious that the Admiralty should eternally seek economy in the wrong places. No sooner is it launched upon an amazing cruiser-building programme than it is cutting down expenses on sailors' socks and throwing thousands out of employment at the dockyards.

Our own suggestion that Pembroke and Rosyth could be maintained, not solely on a war basis, but on a progressive peace programme, has won approval in every quarter. To scrap such dockyards in the name of economy is extravagance at its wildest.

Surely it is possible that peace-time work could be undertaken at both Pembroke and Rosyth. We must get away from the idea that certain geographical positions were created especially for military or naval purposes.

Factories built for the making of munitions during the War have been turned into work-giving, profit-earning hives of industry. On every hand there are indications of the ingenuity of man in turning the weapons of war to the cash registers of peace.

The same can be done with the tools and plant and the efficient workmen of Rosyth and Pembroke. And the Admiralty might be well advised if, in planning future docks and bases, it gives a thought to the work that can be done there when hostilities are over.

We Win Again

OUR constant protests against the farcical fashion in which the London Sessions persistently upset, on appeal, the sentences of imprisonment passed by magistrates on drunken motorists has had good result.

Speaking at the North London Police Court the other day, Mr. H. C. A. Bingley said: "I consider the only proper punishment for drunken motorists is imprisonment.

"For a long time I refused to pass sentence because the London Sessions, the superior court, thought otherwise, and I thought it a farce to pass sentences to be upset at the London Sessions, and I certainly considered it unfair, because a rich man in the West End could appeal and get off and a poor man could not.

"Now, apparently, the Sessions have reconsidered the matter, and are confirming our sentences of imprisonment."

We are glad to hear it, for while we have no patience with silly-season tales of road dangers, we have equally no patience with the drunken motorist.

He is a public menace. Imprisonment, as Mr. Bingley says, is the only remedy.

Our Dangerous Rich

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

UNEMPLOYMENT and poverty are not the only things that are causing some to look with favour on Communism. The wicked parade of riches by empty-headed men and women is more fruitful propaganda for "Red" doctrine than the most fiery outbursts of men like Saklatvala and Cook

Canon Donaldson, whose outspoken sermons on this subject recently attracted widespread attention

FOR some little time I have been making a fairly close study of the public behaviour of rich people. They form, at any rate, a striking contrast to our Reds. Perhaps they account in no small measure for the extreme violence of Red oratory. In any case, they constitute, I am convinced, one of our greatest dangers.

See, for example, the effect they produce on a young Scotsman of Leith, who writes me as interesting a letter as I remember to have received on political matters. He is not a Red, but he thinks that I have been too hard on Mr. A. J. Cook and appeals to me to see this fiery agitator with the eyes of a workman.

"Some five years ago," he writes, "I finished my schooling, the latter part of which I spent in a secondary school as a result of considerable sacrifice on the part of my parents. The sacrifice did not end there, since I was apprenticed an engineer, and took physics, mathematics and engineering at a night school."

No room for War heroes

War broke out when he had been a journeyman one month, and off he went with a brother, for whom his parents had made similar sacrifices, to fight for his country. He served four years, rose to commissioned rank, and returned to "disillusionment, unemployment and exceeding bitterness."

Nothing, he says, makes him so powerfully see red in this miserable state as the patronage of well-off people who tell him "not to be led away by agitators." "Does it require an agitator to tell me when I am hungry? or that I need boots or clothes? Does it require a Bolshevik to tell me of the Lido, St. Moritz, Deauville, and the glorious Twelfth?"

His brother, who is a strong man over 6 ft. in height, cried like a child when he emigrated to America, hating to leave his parents and the country for which he had fought. He had tramped the streets in search of work, and only when he found every door closed to him did he decide to emigrate. "I glanced through his passport, and there was his country's farewell to him, the motto "Let Curzon Hold what Curzon Held."

Cringing cartoons of humanity

My correspondent, still out of work, saw the departure of a train the other day for the Scottish moors. "There they were, with mountains of luggage, guns, flunkeys, and other cringing cartoons of humanity, away to shoot over the ruined croft and deserted holdings. The misty ceilings would re-echo to the guns and the laughter of hordes of gilded parasites, while the Gael wanders over the face of the earth."

It is easy to reply: "The Scot who goes abroad like a man, and makes his way in younger lands, is a happier and a greater creature than the stay-at-home Gael struggling to get a miserable living out of moor and fen." But that is not the point. We are not dealing with economics, or with logic, but with moral indignation.

What the rich have to see is this, that their pursuit of pleasure, and the way they advertise it, maddens the blood of young men out of work and full of despair.

The first thing that strikes such a man in Society's garish life is the shameless and quite brutal indifference of rich people to the sufferings of others. The second thing that strikes him is their futility. What a rotten way of spending life! What a use to make of money! Look at their faces. Listen to their talk. What good are they?

Parasites on national life

My correspondent is not a Red; but he is a Socialist, and believes that the Labour Party can achieve Socialism without a revolution. He is too thoughtful a man to think that Socialism will do away with the necessity for hard work, but he holds that it will do away with these futile rich people who make a mock of all life's dignity, who are parasites on the energy of the nation, and whom he has come to hate as an outrage on the moral law.

"If I were a Communist," he writes, "I would not circulate Communist papers, but would present all the unemployed with a copy each of ——, ——, ——," naming some of the illustrated papers that show how the rich spend their time.

From my own recent observations of the modern rich I am convinced that their power for harm is enormous. In the hotels and restaurants of London it is now extremely rare to see an English gentleman or an English lady. Instead, one finds people whose speech, whose manners, and whose faces bear no mark of refinement or grace.

But they wear rich clothes, have plenty of money in their pockets, and make such a show of themselves that the ignorant believe them to be representative of England's leisured class.

To go about the streets of London, and to mark the effect of these overdressed people on workingmen, postmen and policemen, is to realise that they really are a danger to orderly government.

Two young men in elaborate evening dress, and two girls with scarcely any clothes on their bodies, came out of a restaurant in Piccadilly the other night and walked up and down outside smoking cigarettes between the dances.

The humble people in that crowded neighbourhood, waiting for their 'buses, turned to look at them, and I loitered to hear their comments. Every word that reached me was a word of contempt. Some laughed, but many expressed the more vigorous view that these people ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Now that Bond Street is closed for repairs, motor-cars stop every night in Piccadilly to set down the men and women going to a dance-club a few yards up the street. A commissionaire stands on the kerb to open the door of these brightly illuminated cars and to salute the clients of the club. People stand to look at this show of wealth and pleasure, and I have heard policemen and postmen expressing such opinions on the matter as would startle the pleasure-seekers.

Retribution on the way

When a true and responsible Englishman addresses working men, and tells them that we can only save ourselves from industrial ruin by living lives of duty and hard work, the thought of these vulgar rich flashes into their minds, and they say, "Why should we work to keep such brutes as these on our backs?"

The more carefully I look at this present age, and the more deeply I ponder the signs of the times, the more am I convinced that nothing short of a great religious revival can save us from destruction. How long we have got I do not pretend to know, but I feel in my bones that the retribution of God is imminent.

Until employment is provided it is wicked to charge with idleness those who are compelled to seek relief

A Parson's

THE Reverend John Arbuthnot Nairn, Litt.D., B.D., F.R.S.L., is doubtless a profoundly learned authority on the ways and customs of ancient Greeks, but, like many more of his class and training, he appears to have most woefully neglected his education in regard to the condition of modern British men and women.

Alex. M. Thompson

It is to this unfortunate deficiency in his intellectual equipment that we must charitably attribute the appallingly uncharitable view of our workless workers which he expresses in the *Morning Post*. One must hope that it is only ignorance which leads him to declare, for instance, that "from the cradle to the grave, the 'poor' are the spoilt children of our system of government," and that the middle classes are "contributing a very large proportion of their incomes to keep the 'poor' in idleness and *comfort*"! In view of the wretchedness and misery prevalent amongst our working classes, it is hard to think that anyone who knew the ghastly facts could refer to the sufferers in terms so heartless and so monstrously untrue.

But there is another sentence in the reverend doctor's article which casts a shadow of distressing doubt on our charitable interpretation. "It is asking too much," he says, "when we are called upon to pity those who *flourish* at the cost of their over-taxed neighbours."

DR. NAIRN is a schoolmaster and may, therefore, be pardoned for not knowing much about the conditions of life in the modern world outside his school; but he is also a professed minister of the religion of Jesus Christ, and his denial of pity to the "poor" in this capacity defies indulgent understanding.

On the same day that the reverend gentleman's article appeared, the papers reported the suicide of a London railway gateman who had been unable to work owing to illness. The widow was left with six children. Her total income was 25s. a week from the guardians, out of which she had to pay 9s. 11d. a week for rent. That left her with 15s. 1d. to clothe and feed six children and herself.

A King on the Dole

by A. G. GARDINER

THE present time is not one for foreign adventures, and the Government must expend its energies on the urgent problems surrounding us at home. Mr. Baldwin must not allow King Feisul to be subsidised still further at the expense of the taxpayer.

IF Mr. Baldwin is a wise man he will think twice before he allows Mr. Amery to get us deeper and further into the Mesopotamian bog. I do not say that having thought twice he will necessarily say "No." If we were outside the bog, of course he would say "No." But the trouble of getting in a bog is that it is as difficult to go back as to go on.

Among all the will-o'-the-wisps of the War and the Peace none has been more disastrous for us than that Garden of Eden which seemed so desirable from afar and has turned out to be not a garden, but a dreadful white elephant.

I do not suggest that the mandatory principle of the League of Nations was wrong. On the contrary, I think it is admirable that countries which take over the control and development of backward countries should do so, not to exploit the natives for their own profit, but to administer them under the supervision of the League.

But it is undeniable that when we committed ourselves to reorganising Mesopotamia, creating the new State of Irak and putting Feisul on the throne, there was an idea in some quarters that we were doing a good thing for ourselves.

The great oil myth

That magic word "Oil" worked the mischief. If Mesopotamia was not flowing with milk and honey, it was supposed to be ready to flow with rivers of oil, and all sorts of people smacked their lips at the prospect that some of the oil converted into fat dividends would flow into their pockets.

It was all moonshine of course. The mandate had nothing to do with milking the Mesopotamian cow, or rather pumping the Mesopotamian oil pump—even if there is oil to pump. It meant liabilities, not assets. But all the world went about saying that we had done well out of the War and had picked up the choicest morsels.

So we got the discredit of being the most successful profiteers of the War, while all that we had got was, in fact, a great deal of worry and a very large bill.

We invented Irak in order, largely, to find Feisul a job as king in payment for his services among the Arabs during the War. And to Irak was attached the adjacent territory of Mosul, necessary to give the new kingdom a frontier.

There we have been ever since, watching the infant kingdom and making a happy home for Feisul. Of course we all love Feisul and rejoice to know that he is settled in life, but, in view of our own worries and necessities at home, it does seem a trifle gratuitous to be piling up new obligations in the deserts of Mesopotamia.

Amery sees red

These obligations have involved us already in an enormous expenditure which the taxpayers of this country have to bear, and there is no prospect that the burden will become less heavy.

Can we go on carrying it? Ought we to go on carrying it? The period of the mandate which we undertook from the League of Nations terminates in 1928, and there is no moral or legal claim on us to renew it.

But if we go it is quite possible that the whole position in Mesopotamia will go too, that Mosul will be taken by the Turks, who have claimed it as theirs, that Irak will founder and that Feisul will resume his travels.

Lest these and other unfortunate things should happen, we are invited to renew our mandate for twenty-five years, take up the white man's burden once more and keep Feisul's home fires burning for him out of our own pockets.

Now I am very far from wishing this country to refuse any work in the world that it ought to do. I am still less wishful that we should desert the League of Nations in a critical job.

I do not fancy that Mr. Amery cares twopence about the League, or, judging from their general attitude towards it, that any of the Government care much. Mr. Amery is an Imperialist, and if he is eager to keep us in Mesopotamia it is because he is the sort of person who does not care what price we pay so long as we can paint another part of the world with the Imperial red.

The Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P., Colonial Secretary, whose policy in Mesopotamia is condemned

I have no such passion for red. I think we have as many commitments in the world as we can undertake, and I do not see any sense, at the time when we are giving up our responsibilities in Egypt, which is at least an attractive part of the world, in establishing ourselves in Mesopotamia, which is not an attractive part of the world.

I know the argument for doing so, and I admit there is force in it. We foolishly undertook this job in that time of insanity when the light-headed gentlemen at Paris were carving up the world as cheerfully as they would carve up a chicken at the table. They thought that the more they put on their plates the happier they would be.

Time to toddle alone

We made ourselves responsible for the new kingdom and gave Feisul good reason to suppose that he had the British Empire behind him, not merely till 1928, but for all time. And we are now asked, "Having done all this, are you now going to leave Feisul in the lurch and his kingdom to be over-run by the Turk?"

I do not think that is a fair way of putting the question. We undertook the mandate till 1928 in order to give the new State a send-off and to make it a going concern. The corollary of that was that in due time it should run alone under the general security of the League of Nations.

But if we were to make that security real we had to throw all our energies into strengthening the authority of the League. Have we done that? Has this Government done that?

The answer is most emphatically in the negative. The League languishes because we have refused to put our back into it. We have handed the leadership over to the French and are definitely denounced as the country which blocks everything and initiates nothing. Mr. Baldwin did not even attend the Assembly as evidence of support.

The cuckoo in the nest

If we had flung all our weight into making the authority of the League so indisputable that neither the Turks nor anybody else would find it wise to resist it, we could leave Mesopotamia according to our plan with the assurance that all would go well even when we had gone.

Are we to remain there for all time as the consequence of pouring cold water on the League? Is Mr. Amery hoping to paint it Imperially red when he and those who think with him have brought the League to nought?

These are the questions that Mr. Baldwin must answer. Let him back the League, strengthen the League, fight for the League. Then he will make it a power under which Feisul and Irak and Mosul will be as secure as Switzerland. Then we can honourably lay down our burden and get rid of our white elephant.

Brutal Blather

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

There was another suicide recently in Southwark of a man who cut his throat because he saw no prospect of supplying his children with a sufficiency of food. Such tragedies occur so often that newspaper readers scarcely notice them.

BUT if any sentient person takes the trouble to think of those causes—the dreary daily search for work, the heartrending daily failure, the denuded home, the hungry children, the hopelessness of outlook—can he withhold pity?

There are other cases, less sensational, but little less tragic—the million and a half cases of workless workers whom we middle-class fortunates are compelled to "keep in idleness and comfort." A well-to-do Conservative middle-class man from Cardiff came to see me the other day. He motors almost daily through the Rhondda Valley and other parts of South Wales on his business. He told me of the awful poverty he encounters.

"Never in my life," he said, "have I seen such wretchedness. It is just a universal blight—shipbuilding artisans and dockers in the port-towns, miners in the villages, small shopkeepers everywhere, are equally involved. And the worst of it is that I can see no prospect or hope of any end to it. It is cruel. It is simply ghastly."

The "comfort" on which town workers "flourish" in "idleness" has to be purchased on a "dole" of 29s. a week for a man with a wife and three children. House rent and rates usually absorb about 12s.; clothes, boots, and other wearing apparel for five persons cannot be bought for much less than 2s. 6d.; fuel and lighting can be estimated at 3s. 6d.; there is 9½s. left. That amounts to 3½d. per head per day for food, and the milk for the baby costs 3d. a pint in London.

WILL the superior people who believe that the unemployed are "spoilt children," pampered "in idleness and comfort," please take the trouble to reckon what luxuries can be provided by the housewife on that budget?

Everybody agrees that the "dole" is a national curse. But it is not, as some of its critics seem to imagine, a charity. It is an insurance benefit towards which a workman when employed pays 9d. a week, and if it is proving ruinously costly to taxpayers at present, the cause is not the "idleness" of the workpeople, but a national disaster which has made the "dole" a terrible necessity and reduced the fund to bankruptcy. To abuse the victims as slackers and spongers is only to exasperate them and to aggravate the evil.

A Welcome Week-end change

A change now and again in your smoking habits is just as refreshing as a varied diet or a change of air. Manikins — choice little cigars with the Mild Havana Flavour make a welcome change from cigarette or pipe.
Being *real* cigars, Manikins give a smoking satisfaction which only a cigar *can* give. Buy a packet to-day just to try them. They will give you *cigar* luxury at little more than *cigarette* cost.

MANIKIN
MILD
HAVANA FLAVOUR
CIGARS

5 for 10D

DANGERS OF BIRTH CONTROL

by The Rev. Sir JAMES MARCHANT, K.B.E., LL.D., F.L.S., F.R.S.Ed.

THE past generation handed on to us privileges and advantages that have proved beneficial. The present age must see that an even better state of things is passed on to the coming generation

I BELIEVE in birth control—among wasps and mosquitoes, and their human equivalents. We should not be the poorer for fewer irreformable criminals, incurable mental deficients, prostitutes, paupers and pimps.

Personally I think we could spare the successors of our advocates of blood, bullets and bayonets, our national spendthrifts and the blood-sucking host of sweaters who battened and fattened upon discoveries and inventions which should have made life easier and better for all industrial workers.

And I frankly confess that I should like to lessen the number, without improving the quality, of our spinster and bachelor advocates of birth-control. The prudery of our Victorian parents was preferable to their advocacy of *miss*-conception.

There may, of course, be others whose progeny one or other of us would also like to miss. Yet we should be unwilling to set up any body of experts to do sentry duty at the entrance-gate of life, to challenge "Who comes here? We have enough of your sort, go to—Mars."

Quack-medicine substitutes

The birth-control remedy for our ills, when used as a substitute for social reform, is fast becoming a quack medicine. It is, say its advocates, cheaper, more effective, and its benefits are age-long. It lessens the number of stomachs, and improves the quality of brains.

There will be fewer mouths to feed, therefore more food would be available for the platter. By birth control we can make certain that the world will not fill up and that our grandchild will have ample room for his shrunken body and his swollen head. Yea, after three generations of close control we might perchance rise from our present purgatory into paradise. So they argue.

One day towards the end of his long life I was staying with Alfred Russel Wallace, the co-discoverer of the theory of natural selection, and he said to me:

"Leave the control of conception alone until the physical and social environment has been cleaned up, so that every child born shall have the best chance to develop into a healthy, useful citizen. When the long catalogue of overdue reforms is exhausted you will be in a better and safer position to tackle the question of breeding for quality in the light of knowledge, where now the darkness of ignorance reigns."

Machine-made mentality

It is an ominous fact that the fall in the birth rate has, up to the present, almost entirely affected the upper and middle classes and the skilled workers, upon whom the revival of our industry largely depends. *The unskilled and the unemployable are practically untouched.*

It is obvious that the fewer skilled workers we have, the worse the output; and under present deplorable conditions of apprenticeship, and of modern methods of mass production, the children of skilled and unskilled alike have fewer opportunities of becoming little more than machine minders.

Of course modern industrialism has greatly influenced the birth rate. Less that fifty years ago children of tender years were herded in 'prentice houses, forced to work in factories by blows from merciless overlookers to keep them awake, sometimes working, as in the case of the late Dr. John Clifford, thirty hours at a stretch.

Lord Shaftesbury waited at the factory gates to see the children come out, sad, dejected, cadaverous, their crooked shapes like a mass of crooked alphabets. *Our industrial magnates declared that child labour was the foundation of their business success.*

A new kind of strike

The legislation prohibiting child labour made the child of less financial value to the family, and in consequence fewer were born.

In the mining areas the birth rate has remained uniformly high; but now that that industry is declining we may expect a similar change in the birth rate of miners as occurred in the textile districts.

After the Black Death, the population declined to such an extent that agricultural labourers who survived were able to command their own terms. And now Sir Arthur Newsholme tells me that our present day labour leaders have considered the advisability of organising a conception strike and stopping the supply of population.

There is no necessary connection between a reduction in population and an improvement in quality. Already we are becoming a middle-aged population. Young life is scarcer every generation, while middle-aged caution, lack of enthusiasm and daring, unwillingness to take risks, leisured ability to create, an increasing tendency to become agents and middlemen, have already stamped our commercial life with increasing impotence.

The toll that is taken

The knowledge of the means of limitation has put the life of posterity, the destiny of the nation and the race, in the hands of the present generation. It is conceivable that people should sink to such depths of selfishness as to refuse to bear children at all. If passion could be wholly satisfied without such results, why should they incur the burdensome consequences?

Parental instincts, no doubt, would override such cruel selfishness in many cases. But if such parental instincts (perhaps the instinct is maternal only, in which case the argument is immensely strengthened) can now be satisfied with one child, then the future is in danger.

If normal instincts tend to be weakened generation after generation through the use of preventives, and if, as is stated by high authorities, preventives induce a one-child sterility and tend to throw the reproductive functions out of gear, then the very existence of the race is in jeopardy.

The last pre-War official returns from France show that out of 11,000,000 French families in about 2,000,000 there were no children, and in nearly 3,000,000 there was only one child. Who can say that France, which adopted birth control as a national policy, has profited by it in the morale or physique of her children, in the quantity or quality of her productions, her morals, religion, art or literature?

To-day, she is making frantic efforts to endow motherhood, legitimate or illegitimate, because she cannot man her own industries with her own children, but has to depend upon imported foreign labour, even black, to keep her machines running.

The Rev. Sir James Marchant, K.B.E.

She has deeper fears, fears which brought on the Great War, and which she sees may plunge her into another one—*she has not, and cannot depend upon, getting enough cannon-food!*

Need for men with brains

That may, in the end, be all to the good. Meanwhile she finds herself, from the point of view of population in a worse position of insecurity than before the War, which, it is now seen, accentuated her downward drift, and still further imperilled the existence of her civilisation. She is now trying to defend her white cradles by a ring of black bodies.

But it is in the sphere of mind and not body, as I have elsewhere said, that man achieves. In the coming civilisation we shall need more and more men of constructive brain-power. Where are they to be found in our present-day society and in what proportion? How are they perpetuating their capacities by handing them down to their next generation?

Our present duty

Many observers have expressed the opinion that there is a growing lack, in all sections of society, of constructive capacity and that the shortage is a sign of race degeneration. There are not many more lads in our slums with a marshal's baton in their school satchels.

There is a growing demand in every land for sound mental ability and sound moral character, and our concern to-day is to ensure that the men and women of good average capacity shall pass on their inheritance to sufficient children to provide the future with citizens who will maintain and increase its glories.

We can pass on, without any doubt, what is inbred in us; and also, through our social inheritance, our experience, knowledge, treasures, art and literature to succeeding generations, who will be born into a richer environment because of our contribution to it.

Upon these cultural, moralising, educative qualities of the social heritage, no less than upon the immortal soul-germ, the individual inheritance of our children's children and the future of the evolution of society depends.

JOHN BULL'S Amazing Gift to its Readers

Free!
ONE FOR YOU *and*
ONE FOR YOUR FRIEND

Don't be too late!

Illustrations very much reduced in size.

Coupon No. 5 appears on bottom left-hand corner of back cover.

Guaranteed
by Gillette Safety Razor Ltd., to be a
Genuine
10/6
Set

Ladies Too!

In these days the Genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Set which "John Bull" is presenting free, will be found an ideal gift for women as well as men.

"JOHN BULL'S" Wonderful FREE GIFT

The Royal Purple Case is lined throughout in silk and velvet. The "Gillette" Razor itself, complete with blade, is silver-plated. In every sense this is a Razor Set-de-Luxe—the last word in luxury and elegance—a great gift worthy of a great occasion.

A FREE GIFT of a genuine 10/6 "Gillette" Razor Set both for yourself and for a friend is too good to miss. You can do three good turns by finding that friend to-day. You can get a 10/6 gift for yourself—one for your friend, and at the same time help "JOHN BULL" to reach the million. If you could only see "JOHN BULL'S" Gift—the Royal Purple Case, beautifully lined in silk and velvet—the superbly silver-plated Razor complete with blade—the last word in luxury and elegance, you would not let such an opportunity slip through your fingers.

On receipt of the forms below, properly filled in, "John Bull" will set aside and reserve two of these wonderful gifts—one in your own name and one in the name of your friend. Set to work to-day, and in a few weeks "John Bull's" Gift will be in your hands.

How to get "JOHN BULL" Gift

All that you are asked to do is to introduce "John Bull" to only one friend who is not already a reader. All that your friend has to do is to give "John Bull" a trial for eight consecutive weeks.

As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" for eight consecutive weeks you are both asked to cut out and affix eight consecutively numbered coupons from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "John Bull" to the Gift Vouchers which will be sent to you on receipt of the forms at the foot of this page. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull," properly completed, you will each immediately receive a Genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Set FREE. There is no "catch." There are no hidden conditions. The only thing we ask is that you make quite sure that the friend you introduce is a genuine new reader, who has not purchased "John Bull" for the last three months. Coupons are now appearing weekly, so that you may begin to qualify without delay.

So great is our faith in "John Bull" that we believe that those who in the first place are induced by our great offer to give "John Bull" a trial for eight consecutive weeks will decide afterwards to continue as permanent readers.

Get the forms below filled in to-day. Post them to "JOHN BULL" at once. DON'T BE TOO LATE!

Rules and Conditions.

The object of this Scheme is to get bona-fide new readers for "JOHN BULL," and if it should be found upon verification that the name of a person given as a new reader is already a reader of "JOHN BULL," both applicants will be disqualified for the Gift of a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set.

A new reader of "John Bull" shall be held to be a person who has not purchased "John Bull" for the last three months.

No present reader or new reader may qualify for more than one Gift Razor Set. In order to qualify for the Gift Set, both the reader of "John Bull" and his friend are to purchase eight successive copies of "John Bull" between the issue now on sale and the issue dated December 12, inclusive, and to affix eight consecutively numbered coupons (cut from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "John Bull") to Gift Vouchers which will be sent to them.

Under this Scheme fifteen coupons in all will appear in "John Bull." Coupons may be cut from any eight CONSECUTIVE issues as long as this Scheme is in force. Thus, you may send Coupons Nos. 5 to 12; 6 to 13; 7 to 14; and so on. No person may qualify by purchasing back numbers for either whole or part of the eight weeks.

Free Sets must be applied for on the special Half-Guinea Gift Voucher which is sent to each applicant.

When applicants have qualified for Sets, they are each required to send 6d. to cover postage, packing and insurance of sets to their respective addresses. Apart from this there is no payment of any kind required.

This offer applies only to persons residing in the United Kingdom, and the Irish Free State.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any applicant for any reason which he considers good and sufficient.

POST AT ONCE

—— CUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE THESE FORMS ——

This form brings the **10/6 Gift Voucher**

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM. LEAVE BLANK

RESERVATION FORM A.

To be filled in by the reader of "John Bull" who is introducing a new reader.

This Form reserves a Genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set in your name.

To "John Bull" (Dept. A.4), Long Acre, London, W.C.2

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set in my name in return for my introducing the following new reader, who has signed Form B, and who undertakes to give "John Bull" a trial for eight consecutive weeks. Give Name and Address of New Reader below:—

.....

.....

.....

Please send me official Gift Voucher for the Free Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set. I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer. I am not already qualifying for a Free "John Bull" "Gillette" Razor Set under this Scheme.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

A.4 DATE .....

ARE YOU A REGISTERED READER OF "JOHN BULL"? .....

(Required for reference purposes only. Please state "Yes" or "No.")

N.B.—If you are not already a registered reader you may if you wish enclose Registration Form from page 2 of cover.

NEWSAGENT'S NAME AND ADDRESS:—

.....

.....

.....

J.B. 3.10.25. PLEASE WRITE VERY CLEARLY.

This form brings the **10/6 Gift Voucher**

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM. LEAVE BLANK

RESERVATION FORM B.

This Form MUST be filled in by the new reader who is introduced by the reader of "John Bull."

This Form reserves a Genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set in your name.

To "John Bull" (Dept. A.4), Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

This is to certify that "John Bull" has been introduced to me by: (Give below name and address of "John Bull" reader who introduced you.)

.....

.....

.....

I am not at present a reader of "John Bull," and I have not purchased "John Bull" for the past three months and I undertake to give "John Bull" a trial for eight consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve in my name a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set. Also, please send me official Gift Voucher for the Free Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set.* I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE .....

NEWSAGENT'S NAME AND ADDRESS:

.....

.....

.....

*Please note that your friend will hand you your official Gift Voucher. It is being sent to him together with his own.

PLEASE WRITE VERY CLEARLY. J.B. 3.10.25.

These forms should be posted together by the "John Bull" reader in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d stamp.

DO NOT SEPARATE THESE FORMS—POST THEM BOTH TOGETHER TO "JOHN BULL."

'Lucana'—the Clubman's favourite.

A Tradition of QUALITY lies behind

'Lucana'—the *luxury* cigarettes. Try them to-day against the cigarettes you usually smoke. Test them for fragrance, for flavour, for mellowness, for steady burning—for those particular qualities which best please *your* palate. Judge them how you will, 'Lucanas' stand the test of comparison.

For 25 years 'Lucanas' have been recognised as *high-grade* products. The traditional big *expensive* 'Lucanas' have always been in a class apart. The recently introduced popular price 'Lucanas' have all the superb qualities which made the original 'Lucanas' world-famous. A change in the size and packing accounts for the difference in price.

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Pronounced: Lu-kah-na

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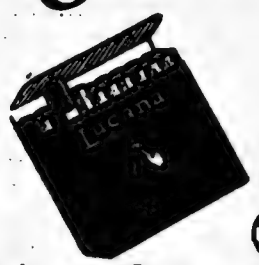

The old & famous 'Lucana' Quality yet only

6D for 10

Plain or Cork-tipped Virginia—or Turkish

HOMES WITHOUT HEARTS

by the Rt. Rev. E. W. BARNES, *Bishop of Birmingham*

THE strongest bulwark of a nation is a happy family life. In the present era women have the greater power in their hands of ensuring that this advantage shall be ours

WE are living in an epoch when, owing to the War, social unrest and moral disorder are serious. After every great emotional disturbance such evils appear. Our age needs ideals which shall overcome disruptive forces.

Revolution is a counsel of despair, the product of social distrust. We need to spread ideals of social sympathy and personal wholesomeness, and to this end we must do all that is possible to preserve the purity of family life.

When a man feels his home menaced by low wages or insecurity of employment, he is attracted by the delusive hope of social upheaval. When hosts of girls have not got a decent home in which they can find wholesome pleasure; when lack of houses is such that they cannot hope to make a good home for themselves, they turn to exciting amusements or sordid immorality.

Good homes make good children. Evil homes are the source of nine-tenths of the social miseries which we wish to abolish. The nation which can rejoice in a healthy stable family life is profoundly strong.

An equal moral standard

The economist warns us that foreign competition drives wages down, but none the less, by better organisation by paid work all round, by thrift, we ought to be able to make things better than they are. For it is a fact that though taxation is heavy, inequalities of fortunes among us are dangerously great.

Women have so recently been enfranchised that their direct political influence is only just beginning to be felt, and this will remove disabilities which should not exist now that women of the community are as well educated as its men. The whole community will gain by the fact that not only the needs of women but those of the children, of whom they are the natural protectors, will henceforth be considered more fully from the women's point of view.

Women's political influence should also aim at securing that, in regard to breakers of sexual morality, women shall not suffer from an unfairly adverse discrimination.

Bishop of Birmingham

It is right that the legislation should assume an equal moral standard for men and women. In this connection I maintain that the value of women police has been amply demonstrated.

It is, moreover, obviously right that women should investigate sexual offences against children and young girls. It should be urged that the names of all juvenile offenders, and children involved in cases of sexual offences, should be withheld from publication.

Much of the work of the police and the police-court magistrate is unpleasant. To prevent abuses of administration the increasing vigilance of good men and women is necessary.

It is a source of satisfaction to all social reformers that juvenile courts have been established, and that women now serve as magistrates; but more might be done than at present to protect children and the innocent from a painful and lawful notoriety.

As the range of women's activities extends one may hope that the pathetic and useless old maid of the Victorian era will be forgotten. But I confess that it seems to me to be, in general, inadvisable that married women should be permanently engaged in work that takes them from home and children.

It is probable that, in the end, public bodies will have to allow to each woman employee freedom to choose whether on marriage she will give up work. If a woman marries when she has achieved economic independence the surest judge whether she will relinquish such independence for the sake of her children and her home is herself.

Britain the examplar

Behind these various issues are questions connected with population increase and the prevention of war. We all realise that an over-populated world must live under the shadow of ambitions and fears that lead to war. Like other people we do not wish our good stocks to decrease nor our lands to be flooded by alien and, in our judgment, inferior races.

No one, I venture to think, sees the issue of the present world situation. But we shall best prepare for the future by seeking to make this country an example to others, by raising the moral standards and social health of our people by breeding strong and clean citizens who will face the difficulties of their time with insight and courage.

The Human Zoo

by THERESA DOUGHTY TICHBORNE, *the Famous Litigant*

AT regular intervals—more or less—all prisons, both for men and women, are subject to inspection from what are called "visiting magistrates," and of all the farces in connection with prison regulations there is none more ludicrous or more irritating than this.

On these occasions it is the rule that if a prisoner has any complaint to make she may make it to these "visiting magistrates," who are supposed to see that everything is as it should be. I would point out that these visits are never in the nature of surprise visits—the governor knows when they are going to take place.

Now if a prisoner has a grievance she may take advantage of this opportunity of drawing attention to it and asking for redress, in which case the visiting magistrate makes a mental or written note of it and then calls the attention of the governor to it.

THAT is all. He or she cannot do anything in the matter beyond reporting it to the governor, and you can imagine how very pleased the governor is likely to be to do anything if a complaint is made to a third party, and that party a visiting magistrate, when the grievance could have been made to him direct. It seems like going behind the governor's back in a way, and is certainly not conducive to a good understanding between governor and prisoner.

It is that when, after a tour of the prison during which there has not been a single complaint, the magistrates return to the governor's office, they congratulate themselves on the fact that "prison reform" has so improved that jail is a sort of home from home.

ANOTHER infliction which should be stopped at once, and which is very galling to those prisoners who have not lost every vestige of self-respect, is the visits of jurywomen, who are shown over the prison on certain days, and the crowds of other sightseers who somehow get in.

I recall an occasion when I was in the prison hospital when a party of these women were being shown round. On this occasion a woman crept up to my gate and peeped through the bars, which she clutched as though she were gazing upon some wild animal. She gazed her full, and then fetched a friend to have a look. Five times she repeated this operation, doubtless informing all her companions that this was the dreadful Tichborne woman who went about threatening to kill people.

At last it got on my nerves to such an extent that I called out to her that she had better not come too near as I had smallpox, and it was the greatest joy to me to see that woman run off in dismay.

Another day some women came into the workroom where we were engaged on our sewing, and made audible remarks such as "Poor things—and look almost respectable too." As a fact, they would probably feel quite injured if told that some of us would expect better behaviour from our housemaids than they were capable of showing.

At this time of the year, too, there are visitors nearly every day—sometimes forty or fifty at a time—who come to gaze upon the prisoners as a sort of zoo, whilst their manners to the officers—as the wardresses are called—are often too vile for words.

It is not only the indignity of this thing against which I complain, but against the possibility of a prisoner running up against any of the scores of visitors who go to Holloway when they have finished their sentence.

THERE were four murderesses in Holloway whilst I was there, and no words of mine can adequately describe the chronic tension of the place until three of them who had been sentenced to death were reprieved. The fourth was the tragic Madame Fahmy, and she and I came very much in contact, as beyond the doctors and one officer there was no one who could speak French.

There is no reason why the human touch should be divorced from our prison system. Punishment does not cease to be punishment when inflicted with an absence of vindictiveness. It will be found that wrongdoing is more readily exterminated if a kindlier spirit animates those who dispense legal correction.

A £5-5-0 ALL WOOL OVERCOAT TO MEASURE FOR £2-0-0

CHARLIE CHAPLIN,
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This exceedingly handsome real animal Stole, dyed in any of the following fashionable shades: Black, Stone Marten, Rich Sable Brown, Grey, Brown, or Black to your choice. Warranted skins of exceptional quality and rich colour (carefully selected). A really handsome and distinctive stole of great depth, and rich, silky fur. Full length and width. Each fur handsomely lined.

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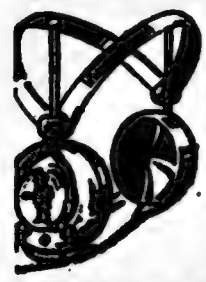
Cash returned if dissatisfied, and stole is returned within 7 days.



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Words Winged to Women

Woman's New Right

Misery Mothers may Prevent

by **MABEL HORNER**

THIS week brings good news to women. It is one of the moments of reaping a measure of that equality for which even the mildest of suffragists have always fought. That the sexes stand equal before God has always been the teaching of Christianity. Yet it is only bit by bit, first by painful pressure on the part of reformers, then, finally, by the irresistible force of enlightened public opinion, that the perfect equalisation in the eyes of human law of men and women is being obtained.

Now, on the first day of October, 1925, the new Guardianship of Infants Act comes into force. From now onwards married women have equal guardianship with their husbands of their own children, and another lingering remnant of the subordination of women is destroyed.

The Guardianship of Infants Act not only brings about improvement in the status of married women, but alters completely the existing law relating to the marriage of minors. Ever since 1753 the marriage of a minor could be accomplished with the consent of the father alone.

Safeguard against rash action

Even more serious was the fact that the marriage of an illegitimate minor required no one's consent save that of the party to the contract. Only a little imagination is needed to realise how adverse an influence this one-sided authority—or lack of authority—might exercise over the young people themselves, to say nothing of the future of the race.

A father might become mad, or he might be downright vicious, bargaining with his daughter's life; but his was the only right to sanction or withhold sanction from her marriage so long as she was under age. The mother had no legal rights at all in the matter.

So long as husband and wife are living together the mother's consent as well as the father's will be required if the marriage of a minor is to take place. The child certainly has a right of appeal, if parents cannot agree; but having recourse to a court of law is a painful and dilatory process. It means delay, and such delay is an added safeguard where a very rash or unsuitable union is contemplated.

Moreover, the Act directs that in cases where, through unavoidable reasons, the consent of neither parent can be obtained one or other of the courts must be approached for sanction.

Power without tyranny

All these changes bring upon mothers a responsibility, which, though welcome, must not be used tyrannically. Because some youthful marriages turn out unhappily it need not be taken that all such must be discouraged. Yet, generally speaking, very youthful marriages are unwise. Day by day these children—they are nothing more—come to the police courts seeking relief.

When Florence May Cross, the other day, at Hull, was granted a separation order against her husband of twenty-one, she was but sixteen. She had married at fifteen, a child, with childish thoughts and most likely childish behaviour. It was no excuse for a man behaving like a brute, but the real wrong done the child was her marriage.

A girl of tender years is often thrilled by the thought of winning the affection of an older man. But if such unions do well at first the distance in age widens as the years go on. I know that mothers

Dame Millicent Fawcett, LL.D., who has devoted her life to securing perfect equality between men and women

have always sounded a warning, but, for the first time in history, their words have the added weight of the law.

Even more splendidly protective is the provision that illegitimate minors must have the consent of their mothers before they marry. Endless misery has been caused in the past by scoundrels taking advantage of such girls' freedom from restraint.

There has never been a step forward in the advancement of women but some great good to the nation has resulted. So it will be now. The older pioneers will see the country reap what they have sown. This new right for mothers will mean a great diminution in the misery brought about by child marriage.

Black-coated Blackguards

Blackmailed into Immorality

by **LADY MOYNA SAVAGE**

THE average working girl never tells her mother one-tenth of what she has to go through before she brings home her small salary. Her mother is glad that her girl can fight her way in the world and earn enough to pay for her board. Maybe she has just a suspicion that there are temptations she knows nothing of, but the real dangers to her girl are never brought before her.

A mistaken right

There are still, unfortunately, many men who think they have a perfect right to insult a girl because she is dependent upon them for her livelihood. They forget that that very reason should make them even more considerate towards her. They take advantage of their position, and sometimes a girl's body drifting down the river is the result of their desires.

One girl once told me of her experience. She had gone to a city office in answer to an advertisement for a shorthand-typist. The manager had looked her over, and smiled into her eyes. He then told her what the salary would be. It was the usual wage for a girl-typist. Then he asked her whether she was fond of dancing—she was a beautiful girl—and she nodded in surprise.

"Perhaps we can go out somewhere together some night," the man went on. "I can drive you out in the car, and we can have a good time. You don't need to worry about getting home. I can easily put you up at my place. What do you think?"

He spoke so naturally that the suggestion seemed commonplace. But when he went on to say that the girl's wages would soon be increased if she were suitable, she saw the drift of the conversation, and indignantly left the office. But that girl's mother never heard about the affair.

Of course all employers are not like this. The majority are decent men who are thinking of their business first and all the time. But there are undoubtedly many men who are ready to take advantage of a girl.

A diabolical offer

Another girl I knew had a crippled sister dependent on her. This girl worked in an office, and her wage was just enough to keep the two of them in bare comfort.

One night, after they had been working late together, her employer saw her home in his car, was introduced to the little crippled sister, and discovered the whole story of their life together. Knowing then that the girl's wages kept the home going, he intimated the next day that her wages would be reduced!

She pleaded with him, reminding him that she was the sole support of her sister, who could not work for herself. Of course that was just what the man wanted. In the end he suggested to her that her wages would be, not decreased, but increased, if she were less strong in resisting his advances.

Trading on ignorance

In these two instances I have given, the girls were worldly wise, and knew their dangers. But in many cases girls are woefully ignorant of the peril held at the end of the bait.

That is why I think it is a pity that they do not take their mothers into their confidence. Confidence would bring advice, and advice would bring caution.

And the mother would know better how to handle the situation. She could pass the information on to the father, and in a short time the police would probably be watching the "perfect gentleman."

Sex knowledge should be included in every girl's training, and that sex knowledge should come from the mother, to whom in after life the girl could always turn with confidence. Ignorance is a girl's greatest danger, and it is ignorance that the pests flourish upon.

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My husband said 'Don't risk our home - go to Mr. Drage'

Mr. Drage: You're fortunate to have such a prudent better half.

Mrs. Everyman: You see, Mr. Drage, we badly need some more furniture, but my husband will have nothing to do with ordinary hire purchase. He says it is far too risky for a man with a family.

Mr. Drage: Well, there's not an atom of risk here. If when you've paid, say, £50 out of £100, and wish to stop, you keep the furniture you have paid for—less a small allowance for use and cartage—and return what you have not paid for. No risk there—is there?

Mrs. Everyman: No, whatever happens we feel we can't lose anything. Now my husband said I was not to buy more than £100 worth of furniture and I've chosen £95 worth. What do you think of that?

Mr. Drage: That he's a very fortunate man. Not many ladies have such strength of will.

Mrs. Everyman: Ah, your furniture is very tempting. Well, I should like to pay £5 now and 50/- a month afterwards on the £95 account.

Mr. Drage: A most business-like suggestion to which I gladly agree. All the furniture will be sent to your house at Lewisham in our plain motors within 48 hours from now.

Mrs. Everyman: My husband wishes me to give you some names.

Mr. Drage: No, references and securities are unknown here, and there are no extra charges whatever for interest or credit.

Mrs. Everyman: And we'd like your free Fire and Life Policy.

Mr. Drage: That will be issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co. and sent you at once. Our men will lay all floor coverings free for you and help you in every way. Are you satisfied with the Drage Way?

Mrs. Everyman: Beyond all expectations: and, frankly, Mr. Drage, we've been agreeably impressed by your courtesy and fair dealing.

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If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are hard of hearing or have head noises, go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength). Take this home and add to it ¼ pint of hot water and two ounces of sugar or two dessertspoonfuls of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing becomes easy, and the mucus stops dropping into the throat. This prescription is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises or Catarrh in any form should give this a trial. There is nothing better.

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Human Documents

A Prodigal Husband

Unheeded Warnings—An Unwanted Child—Stealing for Love

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"FIVE years ago I felt compelled to divorce my husband. When first we married we were in rather poor circumstances, but we lived happily together. We were blessed with two children, and the joy they brought us lightened the burden of life.

"After a few years my husband got into touch with men who were far more successful in business than he was, and he seemed to get bitten by the mania for making money. His mental ability was far above the average, and it was not long before he achieved considerable success.

As he succeeded, the pursuit of wealth seemed to become an all-pervading obsession with him, and our pleasant home life became a thing of the past.

"I CAN never describe the agony I endured in seeing my husband drifting away from me. I did all I could to reclaim him but it seemed impossible, and at last I took steps to regain my freedom, feeling that I should suffer less if I tried to put him out of my thoughts.

"I have recently heard from him again, after a silence of years. As might, perhaps, have been expected, his success in business has vanished as the result of his fast living, and he is now reduced to a very subordinate position in a rival firm.

"He has written to me a most contrite letter, confessing the mess that he has made of his life, and that all the pleasures to which he devoted himself have left him nothing but the husks. He begs me to let him return, and resume our old life together, promising that with my help, he will restore his fortunes. He seems to be really broken-hearted and penitent and it is evident that during the years we have been separated he has never lost his love for the children.

"ALL the time he has been away my heart has yearned for him as a mother might yearn for her prodigal son, and, now that he seems truly repentant, I wonder whether it is not my duty to receive him back. Do you think I could hope for happiness if I allowed him to return?"

"Humanist" says:—*If your husband is truly contrite, and wishes to return to you, he should do so as a lover, and start his courtship all over again. You should be able; in the course of, say, twelve months, to assure yourself that his repentance is genuine, and not simply an effect of the poverty to which he has been reduced. Having come to his senses like the prodigal son, there is hope that he will not again wound so tender a heart as yours.*

Lured to Misery

"SIX months ago I was a happy girl, happy in spite of the fact that I had to work hard to help to support my younger brothers, my father having died and left a family of orphans, the youngest being a helpless crippled boy, three years old.

"Through an advertisement of an agency called the Universal Correspondence Club, I corresponded with a young man in the United States. Everything was arranged for me to join him in America in the spring, and I went out, full of excitement at the glowing prospects which had been held before me, and was married soon after my arrival in New York.

"After a short honeymoon, my husband took me to his home, far away in the country, and I soon found that I had been lured to a life of misery.

"After three months, I managed to escape, and have now returned to England broken down in health and sadly disillusioned.

"I have no work and no 'dole,' though I paid unemployment contributions for years, and my widowed mother is dependent on the parish. If I could tell half of what I have been through, I feel sure something would be done to break up these so-called clubs, and prevent them ruining other girls' lives."

"Humanist" says:—*It is a pity you did not heed the repeated warnings published in* JOHN BULL *against the organisation you name. You may be able to obtain a refund of a part of your unemployment contributions but your best plan is to communicate with the American Consul, 18, Cavendish Square, London, W.1, and ask him to help you to compel your husband to contribute to your support.*

Heartless Parents

"TWENTY-FOUR years ago my mother succumbed to the blandishments of her employer, a married man with a family and as a result I came into the world, an unwanted child. When I was only a few weeks old my mother made arrangements for me to be looked after by two maiden ladies of her acquaintance.

"A year ago, his wife having died, my mother married my father, and went to live at his home, a country house replete with every comfort.

"Unfortunately, I am out of work, and my foster-parents, who live just above the poverty-line, are supporting me in idleness. Recently I paid a visit to my father's home in the hope that I would be able to induce him to do something for me. I was ushered out, and my mother has forbidden me to go near the place again.

"It is obviously unfair that the good-natured folk with whom I live should have to spend money they themselves need, while my parents neglect me. Is there nothing I can do to compel the latter to recognise their obligations?"

"Humanist" says:—*The conduct of your parents is very heartless, but you have no legal claim on them. At the same time, it is scarcely justifiable for you to billet yourself on the two old ladies who brought you up from infancy. I suggest that if you are in want you should apply to the relieving officer, who may be able to induce your parents to contribute something towards your maintenance.*

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"FOR over forty years I have lived a happy life with a woman whom I have never married, owing to circumstances which obtained at the time when we first became acquainted. She is now advanced in years and failing in health. Lately she has become greatly perturbed in her mind by the thought that if she died the fact of her not being my wife would become known to all our friends and relatives, who have looked upon us as a happily married couple.

Darby and Joan

"For many reasons I should like to avoid the irregularity of our union becoming known after all these years. Would you give me your opinion as to whether I should be doing any great wrong, either legally or morally, if, in the event of her death, I should have her buried as my wife, and in my name? You would considerably brighten the declining years of a very devoted old couple if you could provide a solution to this problem."

"Humanist" says:—*Your life partner cannot legally be buried as your wife, for that would involve a false declaration in registering her death. There seems no reason, however, why you should not, even at this late hour, be married without any of your friends or relatives knowing. A marriage by licence can be performed with the minimum of publicity.*

A Bad Beginning

"I recently became engaged to a girl whom I love dearly. She promised to wait until I could make a home for her, but in the meantime she has been subjected to lots of sneers by her work-mates, through having no engagement-ring. In a weak moment I stole money in order to buy her one, and though she is now happy I have no peace of mind. I fear if I confess to her she will consider me worthless, and break off the engagement."

"Humanist" says:—*You have made a very bad beginning. The only thing to do is to restore the money you have stolen, even though a shortage of cash may delay your wedding. It is less important to confess to your fiancée than to put yourself right with the person from whom you have stolen.*

A Lost Character

"Until I retired from business a few months ago I had in my employ a young man whom I always found honest and trustworthy. Recently he applied to me for a character, on the strength of which he obtained a good situation. I have since discovered that in the interim he had occupied another post and been discharged for dishonesty. Should I inform his present employers?"

"Humanist" says: *If you inform them you may do him irreparable injury. Why not write to him, telling him what you have heard, and urging him to do his utmost to retrieve the character he gained while in your service? Such kindness might prove the turning-point in his career.*

Cramped Compensation

"My husband met with an accident at his work, which seems to have rendered him permanently incapable. The firm offered him £25 compensation, but he has asked for £250. He went to a solicitor, who told him he thought he was asking too much. What do you think?"

"Humanist" says:—*It must, unfortunately, be admitted that there are solicitors who do not act straight in such matters. Your husband should refuse to accept the offer made to him, and refer the matter to the court.*

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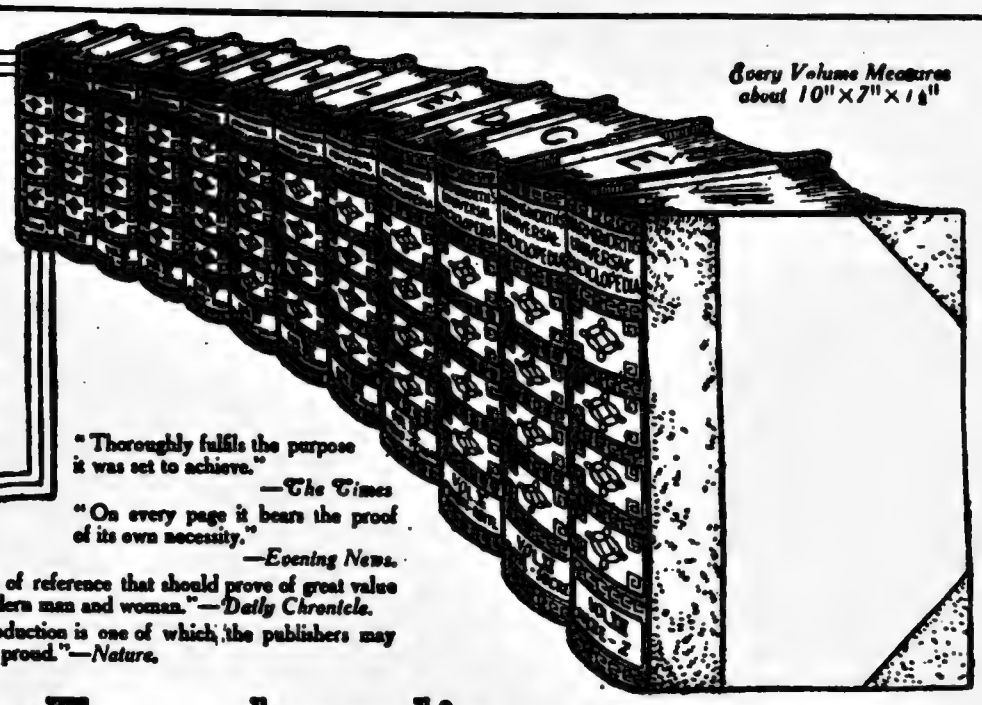

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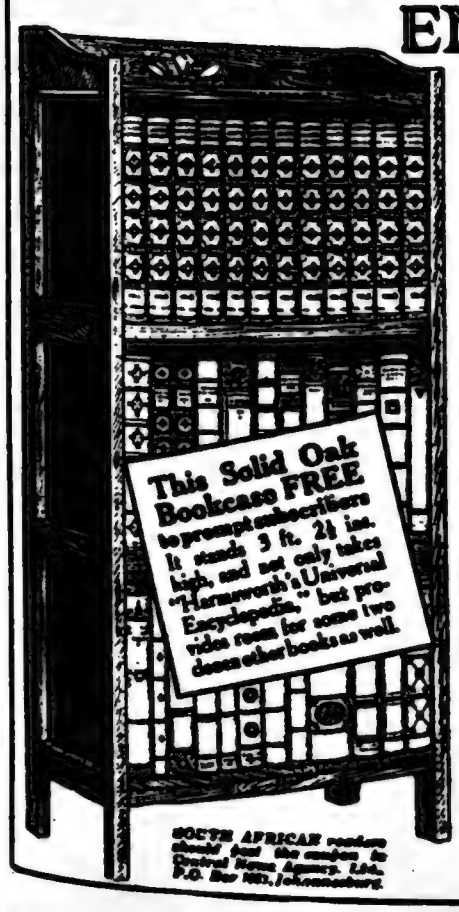
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Elasto is something new in curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are **deficiency diseases**; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain **vital constituents of the blood.**

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We invite all JOHN BULL readers who suffer from any of the ailments named to write for a **free sample** and special **"No Cure—No Pay" Offer,** together with full particulars of this remarkable remedy, or send 5/- for a full month's treatment, and commence your cure without delay. **Write now** The New Era Treatment Co., **182,** Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

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One or two Anti-Kamnia Tablets give quick relief. For 35 years A-K. Tablets have relieved millions from pains of headache, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, toothache, neuritis, women's pains, etc., also from insomnia and nervousness. Chemists everywhere sell Anti-Kamnia Tablets. 25 millions used annually.

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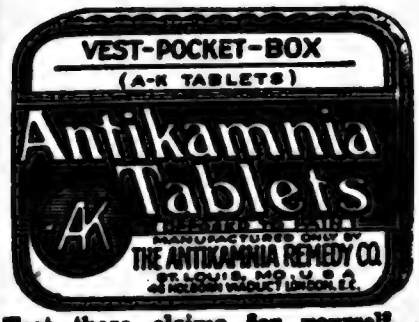

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Price 1/3, 3/-, 7/6, of all Chemists.

Our Letter Parliament

The Microbe of Fear

A Tip for Baldwin—The Desire of Youth—Good-time Risks

The Demon Self

Sir W Beach Thomas, in his article "Fear—The Birth Controller," is only partially right. There is yet another factor, that is selfishness. Whilst I am ready to admit that there are thousands of married couples who have limited the size of their families through feelings of fear, there are as many, perhaps more, who have agreed on restriction entirely from selfish motives. Until young married folk are imbued with feelings of child love and sacrifice, the families of the future will inevitably grow smaller.—*Jack Snow, London, N.W.*

Fewer, but Healthier

Sir W. Beach Thomas abundantly proves his case. Walk into any working-class house and enquire the reason why there are not more children, and the answer is "fear," because they cannot keep a family properly. Dr. Marie Stopes advocates fewer children, but healthier children, which is common-sense in every respect. Also, the Rt. Hon. Mr. C. F. G. Masterman hits the nail on the head when he says, "Fight poverty, not the poor."—*R. S. C., Staffs.*

War—the Birth Controller

The fear of another war may well strike terror in the hearts of thousands of women, and small blame to those who practise birth control, for that reason alone. Also, the fear of another war should raise up in the minds of our thousands of young men a determination to object to fight, however odious it may seem to the other thousands who want them to go, but who will shield themselves in either munition shops or anywhere, so long as it isn't at the front. Better a thousand times no birth than a birth to be killed to appease a war-lord's lust. —*J. H., Bolton.*

Commendable Fear

Sir W. Beach Thomas is right that fear is the birth-controller, but it is a sound and praiseworthy fear. No parent who considers the economic conditions to-day, and weighs the heavy responsibility of bringing fresh lives into the fray, can help being afraid. Therefore that fear is a sign that the modern parent does not merely consider his own pleasure, but seriously thinks of the struggles before that contemplated new life. It is a saddening fact that that same consideration leads him to refuse the responsibility of parenthood.—*A. G. R., Brockley.*

Cowardice or Foresight

Sir W. Beach Thomas speaks of race limitation as "cowardice." In many instances it could better be described as commendable self-control, the outcome of foresight. A large percentage of "the submerged tenth" are not haunted by this fear. Would that they were when we see them bringing unwanted bairns into the world year by year.—*Ogie, Sheffield.*

The Penalty of Parenthood

"Fear—the Birth Controller" is true, but the writer neglects one great fear of to-day. We fear for our unborn sons and daughters the hellish horrors we endured and the heartrending sorrows of our women folk, but still more we fear the hearty yells of our treasures which will turn us out of our highly rented rooms and render us homeless. When the Government realises that "houses to rent" mean happy home-life, with strong healthy babies, and sees that these houses are built, then only will this great fear be removed.—*R. H. T., Forest Gate.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

A Poor Inducement

The article by Sir W. Beach Thomas is both lucid and logical in relation to the problem of birth control. At present what inducement has the average man or woman to bring children into the world, only to see them short of the necessities of life and therefore dwarfed in growth and intellect. So long as we have the fear of unemployment, etc., so long will the race decay.—*A. Baxter, Huddersfield.*

Ghastly Figures

There seems little confirmation, as suggested in "Fear—the Birth Controller," that "race suicide" is beginning in England. Birth-control clinics, advocated so strongly by JOHN BULL, must be established now, the poor attending them if they wish. Daily one sees children, ghastly figures physically, and one thinks "God help them," for no one else will, unless it be the State, by further taxation. These children, the last often of big families, would be spared lives of pain if the poor can be taught what now is denied them.—*A. F. J., London.*

Heroes of Peace

Mr. Philip Inman's tribute to the peace hero, the pacifist, is splendid. Thoughtful men and women cannot reconcile with civilisation the follies of war. Yet so ingrained is the admiration for military or naval prowess that many fall under its spell who nevertheless admit its cruelty. The brave warrior has his place, but let the young be taught that by his side stand the heroes of peace.—*W. J. Bakhurst, Enfield.*

Whipped for Bad Spelling

No child should be whipped because of inefficiency in lessons. It is nothing short of brutality for grown-up male and female teachers to inflict bodily punishment on small children who forget dates of far-off battles or spell words wrongly. There is something amiss with modern education when this worn-out custom becomes a practice.—*Snowball, Glasgow.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"LIVERPOOL FOOTBALL ECHO":—"The Evertonians travelled to Cardiff yesterday, and spent the EVENING quietly THIS MORNING."

"GLAMORGAN GAZETTE": — "An apology for his ABILITY to be present was submitted from the president."

"WORCESTER DAILY TIMES" (Advert.):—"Young General Maid required; previous experience ESSENTIAL, BUT NOT NECESSARY."

"EVENING STANDARD": — "Their MAXIMUM speed is about NINE miles an hour, and they can cruise comfortably at SEVENTY-FIVE."

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS" (Advert.):—"Strong Youth wanted for Newsagents; about 17; tall, nice talker, bet."

Teach the Tiller

We are told by those who know that even a trade revival will not nearly absorb the thousands of unemployed who were formerly engaged in mining, ship-building, and other industries, and also that the surplus labour must follow Adam's calling either at home or more probably abroad. In view of these circumstances increased expenditure for universal elementary and higher scientific training in agricultural work for the rising generation seem both logical and economical.—*Miner, Sunderland.*

Our Dawdling Parliament

Parliament seems to be absolutely unable to deal with any problem that is in the least degree complicated. Housing, unemployment, loan debits and credits, everything seems to baffle them, and when the shouting gets uncomfortably loud a commission is appointed, which enquires, reports, and—that is the end! Why does not the Premier call into consultation strong business men, who would tell him what is wrong without any enquiries? A business firm would not keep on dawdling and shelving problems. —*A. Y., London, N.*

Youth's Real Aim

The trouble is that parents and teachers do not realise that beneath the fun and mischief which effervesces in young folk there is an earnest desire to make the best of their lives. Some years ago, when conducting a lads' Bible-class, I dealt with the difficulties and problems which confronted them. One to whom I explained privately the sacred nature of marriage exclaimed, "That's what I wanted to know." Precisely! but why is this information so frequently withheld?—*F. W. S., Barnstaple.*

Queues for Pews

The Rev. Bruce Cornham's article, "Slaves of the Vestry," is a welcome criticism of the state of affairs that drives Christian young men, without independent means, from the Church. The day of the subservient chaplain, living on his rich patrons, is gone. We want clean young men in the Church, free from financial worries, ready to lead in a fight against exploitation of labour. When we have this, the churches will have the queues, not the kinemas, on Sunday evenings.—*Plebs, Brockley.*

Warnings Unheeded

Miss Mabel Horner says that the modern girl is not a fool. Perhaps not, but neither is she as wise as she ought to be. Cases of silly girls being led away by plausible scoundrels appear in the newspapers with startling frequency, and one would think that these should act as a warning to others. The fact is that the modern girl makes too much of having "a good time" and runs far too many risks. Let girls have enjoyment by all means, but night-clubbing and joy-riding come under a different category. —*Old-fashioned Mother, Elgin.*

A Tip to Parsons

Whilst staying at Brighton recently I had the pleasure of hearing Dr. R. J. Campbell, who writes such striking articles each week in JOHN BULL. Arriving half an hour before the service commenced, I found the church already full and two long queues waiting outside. However, I was ultimately fortunate enough to secure a seat on a "flap" at the end of a pew. Parsons who blame the people for their empty churches should note!—*D. Butcher, Walsall*

Radio Talks

Hospitals for Wireless Sets

by **Professor A. M. LOW, Fellow of the Radio Association**

THE recent Wireless Exhibition has made it increasingly difficult to predict the type of set that will eventually become most popular.

On the one hand, broadcast stations are springing up all over the Continent and the public begins to think of super-heterodynes in the hope of picking them up with good selectivity, and, on the other, the B.B.C. talks of relaying distant stations and rebroadcasting at high power from Daventry.

If the "marriage" between land lines and wireless becomes really complete, we shall have *improved* crystal sets with programmes taking place many hundreds of miles away.

Although great purity is obtained by crystal rectification, I think that the majority of popular sets in the future will be of the two or three valve variety.

For the man who constructs his own receiving apparatus from good-class components, the two-valve set will cost him about £6, and within reasonable distance of a broadcast station, loud-speaker results can be obtained.

I DO not think that telephone sets will maintain their popularity, however valuable they may be to the experimenter. The real public interest of radio centres in the loud-speaker, although for purposes of convenience the telephone cannot yet be beaten.

It is quite true that we must not expect manufacturers to supply receiving outfits at "Woolworths" prices, but I do think that a general fall in prices of such components as valves would benefit not only the user but the manufacturer alike.

It is easy to spend a lot of money in the purchase of a finely fitted cabinet costing £70 or more, but I would like to see every maker with at least *one very cheap two-valve, straight circuit set.*

I would like to find in every catalogue a simple two-valve set made for cheapness rather than for finish, and I would like to see a separate set of cost figures shown for the components, with a diagram and the simplest instructions for erection and use.

AN interesting example of the popularity of radio has recently come to light. The inevitable wireless hospital has been started under the title of "Radio Laboratories." This concern has a completely equipped plant for testing and repairing every possible kind of wireless set and component.

If complicated sets become popular, these hospitals will be busy when the inevitable friend drops in to hear the result about which we have boasted.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.
Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."
Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.
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Here we are again!

The Sterling "Dinkie" takes the sting out of winter

The Sterling Dinkie Loud Speaker will bring the sunshine of radio music, song and interest to your fireside this winter. Dinkie is tone true, wonderfully loud—nothing equals it in value at thirty shillings. Hear before you buy—at your radio dealers.

STERLING "DINKIE" LOUD SPEAKER 30/-
In an attractive brown-tinted finish.

Announcement of THE MARCONIPHONE COMPANY, LIMITED, 210-212, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1
Sole Agents for STERLING TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO., LTD.

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"The Crystal with Valve Power"

CONCERT TESTED AND GUARANTEED

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The NEUTRON Crystal, having maintained its superlative qualities throughout since its inception, can now justifiably be termed THE WORLD'S GREATEST RADIO CRYSTAL.

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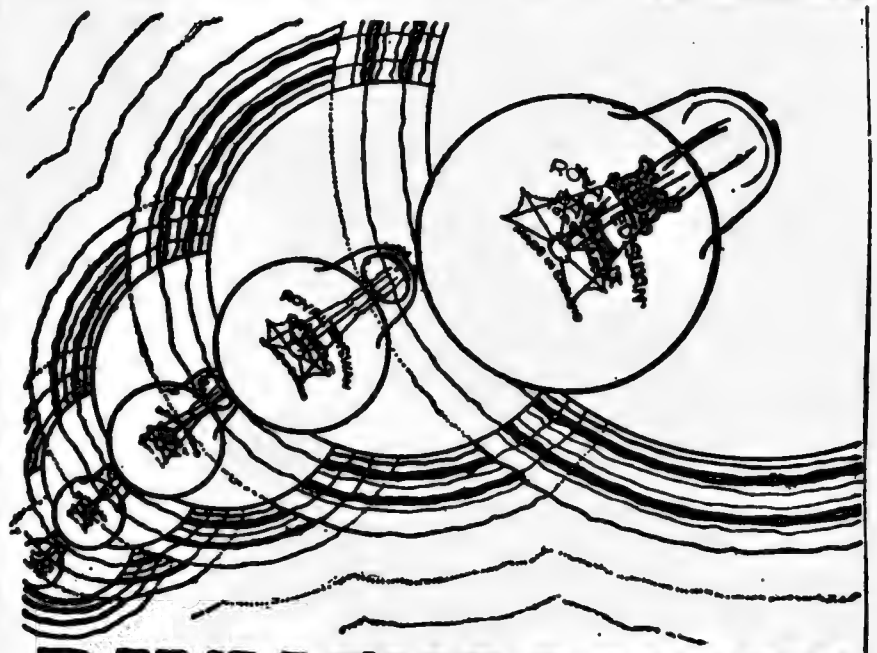

DAYLIGHT-SAVING — continued

DAYLIGHT SAVING need not necessarily finish when you put back the hands of the clock on Saturday night. You can get so close to it with Royal "Ediswan" Lamps that, as far as home is concerned, the extra hour of daylight might well be extended to *every* hour . . . and there are over 200 hours of daylight to be retrieved from the close of the Summertime Scheme alone.

There are, of course, Royal "Ediswan" Lamps of every type, for all voltages and for all lighting needs. You'll find they make home vastly more cheerful during the winter nights.

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The Race that "Kills" Horses

The Cesarewitch—Air Raid's Race—Betting Slips—"Dope" Preparations—Hulme to Retire—No French Wonder Horses

FOR the moment all eyes are concentrated on the Cesarewitch horses and as a result of recent running, Vionnet, Duvet and Tatra have been seized upon as likely to win the long-distance race. There is no getting away from the fact that all three stand an undeniable chance, but I am quite satisfied with my black-lettered selections, Winalot and Mandelieu.

I do not intend to give a final selection until next week as the race is too big a lottery.

The Best Three-Year-Olds

The Cesarewitch is a gruelling race, and for this reason many sound judges believe in backing a three-year-old, who has not been overworked, in preference to the older horses. The best are Duvet and Tatra. I remember seeing Air Raid win from He in 1918, and the following day He was beaten by a second-rater. A well-known Newmarket trainer remarked to me at the time that he was not surprised at He's lapse of form, as the Cesarewitch often killed a horse as far as future racing was concerned.

Forseti Is France's Best

I can now say that Forseti is no longer under a cloud, and in the opinion of his owner is quite capable of repeating the victory of Rose Prince two years ago. He is well treated on his best form in France, and there is no doubt about his stamina.

Fancy Man Goes for Eight Guineas

There used to be plenty of keen competition for Fancy Man after his popular selling race victories and he fetched anything up to 500 guineas. Last week he changed hands, after a race at Gatwick, for eight guineas. His day appears to be over.

A Battle Royal

The Marquess of Zetland and Lord Southampton are still disputing the merits of Ambleside and Kingstown. Punters will remember that the pair were matched over five furlongs at Redcar early in August and although Ambleside started at the long odds of 8 to 1 on, the pair were locked together in a desperate finish. The favourite squeezed home by a head. Their duel will be refought over a mile at Redcar at one of the next summer meetings.

Those Betting Slips

Betting slips are the bane of my life. I unravel dozens of posers every week until I literally hate the sight of them. Aston, of Birmingham, had 5s. each way on Temible, second 3 to 1 on, any to come 5s. each way on Full Speed, won 100 to 8. Five shillings each way Temible returns 5s. 5d.—a loss of 4s. 7d. Aston's commission agent refuses to accept the any-to-come bet as he says there is not sufficient money to meet the wager. I am afraid Aston's bookmaker is a twister. The 5s. 5d. should go on Full Speed as follows: 5s. to win, 5d. a place.

George Hulme Retiring

George Hulme is another good jockey who has had to take the "count" owing to Mr. Avoir du Pois. He hopes to turn to training next season, so that with "Snowy" Whalley, Vic Smyth, Frank Bullock, and Hulme at the game there looks like being keen competition among trainers next season. I wonder how long it will be before Steve joins the merry throng to add to the liveliness. Not many months, I fancy.

"Dope" Preparations.

French firms specialising in "preparations" are now advertising for the benefit of English trainers, the fact that they supply various specifics for enabling a horse to give its best form. These preparations may not be "dope" as the term is understood, but all the same I think there is a case for enquiry. Any preparation that improves the form of a horse is unfair unless it is of general use, and if trainers are free to apply the accelerators when it suits their purpose, the public are liable to get "carted," when the stable thinks it undesirable to use the stuff.

No French Wonder Horses

I understand that the French are very disappointed with their crop of three-year-olds and two-year-olds this season. There is not a single wonder horse among them, and so I fancy we will be spared the talk of anything running away with our big races next year, unless it should be in the Lincolnshire, where our continental cousins always have the advantage of being able to have their horses fit a fortnight ahead of ours, owing to climatic conditions.

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

Lucky Son proved to be a lucky son for followers of the code selections when he won at Leicester at 11 to 2. This three-year-old will pick up another sprint before the end of the season.

Samos, trained by Willie Nightingall, is one to keep an eye on if you want a long-priced winner.

Start will be doing the Harper stable a good turn before long. I made a particular note of this one at Windsor.

Nem Soha — won 9 to 2 — and Zahrat—won 3 to 1 and disqualified for crossing—was my code double on September 23. Both can be followed in nurseries. Treat Zahrat as a winner without a penalty.

Don't forget that Nightingall likes to pick up a race or two at Alexandra Park.

Stevens has yet to win a race this season with Lembirch. This son of Lemberg has been close up in his last three or four races.

MY DAILY NAPS

Wednesday	PRIORY PARK
Thursday	RUYSDAEL
Friday	KING OF CLUBS
Saturday	NEM SOHA

The Fashion-Plate Trainer

Harry Cottrill, the successful Lambourn trainer, who did the hat trick at Leicester with Stilla, Some Slip and Goldbound, is having another good season. So far he has captured over 40 races with his fleet of just over 70 horses. The Lambourn trainer is prolific with his entries, and although he is fully aware that his horses cannot win every time, he believes in letting them run whenever they stand a chance. As regards dress, Harry is the fashion-plate amongst trainers, and also the greatest optimist. Some years ago he lost the sight of one eye, but prior to this unfortunate accident he was a fine cross-country rider.

Harry Cottrill

WHISPERS

"The French are after the Cambridgeshire
"And they've got some good'uns in it,
"Fofolle and Coram are ones to fear
"And I hear Red Hawk may win it."

"What about Waygood I want to know,
"With four good'uns to his credit!"
"The race is a good thing for old Zambo
"The Aga Khan's butler said it!"

"My sister told me her boss told her
"That his uncle had heard from Harper
"That Tranquillete would create a stir
"For he never had trained a sharper."

"They say King Willow is on the job
"Old Pons Asinorum will blight 'em.
"You back Blue Pete with your last, last bob!"
And so on—ad infinitum.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow News Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

2 A M L T E C W N X B V 3 O

F U H Y R K J P I Z G Q S D

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be.

P U R 2 D T O would read WATFORD.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, September 30, to Tuesday, October 6.

You'll get the most reliable information about the AUTUMN HANDICAPS IN

The Sporting Life and Sportsman

"Soccer"

WEEK-END COUPS

6 HOME.—Newcastle, Preston, Aberdare, Millwall, Northampton, Glasgow Rangers.

5 HOME.—Notts Co., Preston, South Shields, Northampton, Falkirk.

4 HOME.—Barnsley, Reading, Falkirk, Glasgow Rangers.

3 AWAY.—Sunderland, Grimsby, Partick.

3 DRAWS.—Clapton Orient v. Darlington, Brighton v. Plymouth, Hibs. v. St. Mirren.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Bradford C., Preston, Glasgow Rangers, Sunderland, Partick.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Bradford C., Sunderland, Sheffield U. v. Birmingham.

FORECASTS FOR OCTOBER 10

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION I.)

HOME WINNERS.—Blackburn, Bury, Huddersfield, Liverpool, Sunderland, W. Bromwich, West Ham.

Selections

AWAY WINNER.—Aston Villa.

DRAWS.—Arsenal v. Bolton, Birmingham v. Cardiff, Manchester U. v. Newcastle

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION II.)

HOME WINNERS.—Blackpool, Derby, Hull, Oldham, Southampton, Sheffield Wednesday.

AWAY WINNERS. — Middlesbrough, Port Vale, Preston, Wolverhampton.

DRAW.—Darlington v. Chelsea.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION III.—Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Ashington, Bradford, Chesterfield, Crewe, Nelson, New Brighton, Wigan.

AWAY WINNERS.—Coventry, Durham.

DRAWS.—Grimsby v. Rochdale, Rotherham v. Hartlepool.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION III.—Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Bristol C., Luton, Merthyr, Plymouth, Queen's Park Rangers.

AWAY WINNERS.—Bristol Rovers, Brighton.

DRAWS.—Gillingham v. Charlton, Millwall v. Northampton, Newport v. Reading, Norwich v. Aberdare.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Celtic, Raith R., St. Johnstone, St. Mirren.

AWAY WINNERS.—Airdrie, Falkirk.

DRAWS.—Dundee United v. Hamilton, Hearts v. Cowdenbeath, Partick v. Glasgow Rangers.

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Time postmarked (not in code) by advertised time of race.

Your bets of 1/-, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-, 20/- up to £10 are as desirable as larger bets.

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ALL POSTAGE PAID.

Letters answered win or lose by Return. Favourites for Singles, Doubles and Trebles.

Place Doubles and Trebles if horses named and if also backed for a win.

"Any to Come," "Up and Down" and Cross Bets even off Doubles and Trebles.

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YOUR GREAT OPPORTUNITY

FOR 4/-

Here is your great opportunity to buy on extended payments the most serviceable Winter Coat any lady could wish for—a good wearing coat for all times—smart in appearance—good material—good style, good workmanship, etc. Tailormade in good quality All Wool Blanket Cloth, Cuffs and Collar Plush stitched. Two pockets Collar, Fancy shoulder lining, etc. Quite a fashionable Coat, and the price is only 82/6, or 4/- monthly. Send 4/- now and say which colour we shall send you—Grey, Brown, Blue or Navy. Send 4/- and ask for Coat No. 8091

For those who require a different style we also illustrate our "Nanette" coat, the pick of this season's fashions. Tailormade in All wool woven Check Cloth, with collar, cuffs and bottom of Coat trimmed with Clipped Wool. The most beautiful Coat any lady could wish to wear, price only 89/-, or extended payments 6/- monthly. Send 6/- now and say which colour we shall send you—Grey, Tan, Brown, Grey or Blue. Send 6/- to-day, and ask for this "Nanette" Coat. Satisfaction or deposit refunded.

FOR 6/-

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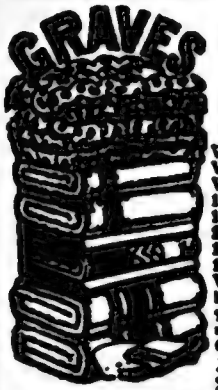
by taking up agency for our magnificent Private Xmas Cards. Free Sample Book. No outlay. Either sex can earn £5 to £20 a season. Our productions are so beautiful they sell at sight. Most generous terms of remuneration. Apply Denton & Co., Dept. D.15, Accrington. A firm with a reputation.

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new, vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Hellier when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 20 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 9d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 GY), London, W. 1.



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Miss L. Marjorie.

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When you yearn for sleep in vain.
That's the time for Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Famous Artiste cured of Nerve Trouble.

Miss Lil Marjorie, the well-known revue artiste, of 66, Cressflats Terrace, Far Beeston, Leeds, writes as follows: "I wish to say how splendid your Tablets are. I am leading lady in 'Parcels' Revue, in which I sing five songs nightly and also dance a great deal. For four months my nerves were in a terrible condition, and sleep was impossible. I had no appetite, suffered from continual lassitude and depression, and was thoroughly run down. My mother advised me to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and after the first few doses I was able to sleep much better, and now I am quite cured and enjoy capital health. Indeed, I feel a new woman, and you may be sure I shall recommend your Tablets."

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

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Children's Weakness

Neuritis	Anæmia
Indigestion	Palpitation
Sleeplessness	Headache
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Nerve Pains

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

HOME PRICE 1/3, FAMILY SIZE 3/- Sold in sealed packages only at all Chemists and Stores. Beware of imitations.

John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

HUNDREDS of readers each week are thankful for the counsel given by our Free Advice Service. This Service is staffed by experts who are capable of advising readers on any and every matter of everyday life. No question is too trivial, none is too difficult.

To obtain this expert advice, which would ordinarily be an expensive business only a stamped addressed envelope is required

F. B. (Devizes).—"On what does enjoyment of life depend?" The liver, and his liver.

J. A. S. (Fittleworth).—"Does your staff boast of an office boy?" Not in his hearing.

J. M. (Dulwich).—"I make a living by writing fiction." Just fancy.

H. J. D. (Windsor).—"He's a bigger fool than I am." In that case, it is not advisable to tell him so.

Mrs. F. (Swansea).—"Women take to change better than men." That's because they always take it *from* men.

GEORDIE (Oldham).—"I understand as much about women as any other man." And that's nowt, lad.

G. C. (Milton).—"A man can live by his wits in a city." The population is more dense.

C. N. M. (Leicester).—"He's burning the candle at both ends." To make both ends meet?

BACHELORETTE (Hounslow).—"I'd like to see the man who'd elope with me!" We're sure you would.

B. T. (Brixton).—"Your paper makes me quite heated." We have lots of warm admirers.

B. E. (Evesham).—"I called on four doctors, but they were all out." So you got nothing for your pains!

W. T. (Harston).—"A man is known by his friends." Of course. If his friends don't know him, who does?

G. G. (Dundee).—"I defy you to print this letter in full." You've won.

T. L. (Purton).—"Second thoughts are best." Then, perhaps, you'll put some in your next letter.

E. T. (Latchley).—"He kissed me before I realised what had happened." Right under your nose, too!

M. F. B. (Austwick).—"Men are becoming more effeminate." Never mind. Women aren't.

JUDY (Southport).—"We only met a week ago and he declares his love for me is deep as the sea." Take it with the same amount of salt.

LAURA A. (Islington).—"I want to make money writing booklets for health resorts." Then you must apprentice yourself to Ananias.

F. D. (Rochdale).—"The servant question is a difficult one." Modern mistresses find it hard to keep a maid in her place.

P. Y. (Drayton).—"Are there any fur-providing animals in this country?" Yes, there are many thousands of husbands in England.

L. Y. (York).—"A glacier in Norway is moving at the rate of thirty feet a day." It is untrue, however, that the Norwegian plumbers ride to work on it.

JACK (Portsmouth).—"It becomes a sailor ashore to forget his own trade." True, if he sees a party drinking he may become a joiner.

Mrs. L. (Bolton).—"What would you say if we bought a two-seater the very first year after marriage?" Our first guess would be twins.

V. S. (Maidenhead).—"My pet aversion is the fellow who talks and talks and talks. What is yours?" We think it kindest not to tell you.

S. J. (Dartford).—"She actually refused to marry me after all our wedding preparations were complete." Too bad to get the knock after you had got the ring.

F. M. (Brighton).—"Blankets are very dear." But some quilts are down.

Mrs. W. (Wigan).—"When all's said women know best." But when is all said?

J. G. (Tipton).—"A good racing pigeon will often fetch £25." We'd like to have one trained to do that.

J. T. (Islington).—"We've had a wonderful summer." So we can't grumble if the winter is a bit of a frost.

T. L. (Honing).—"Christmas will soon be here." There was a rumour to that effect about this time last year.

J. B. (Partick).—"Why do some men's faces look so worn?" Because they have worn them for a long time.

E. A. N. (Twickenham).—"It's no good appealing to distant relations." Nor to close ones.

K. L. (Belfast).—"Lawyers are not lazy." They work with a will.

C. M. (Plymouth).—"I always write on ruled paper." Nevertheless, your letter is on the wrong lines.

B. T. (London, S.E.).—"I won a joint of meat in a raffle, but it was uneatable." Tough luck.

BILL B. (Durham).—"I keep my sweetheart's picture inside the lid of my watch." There's generally a woman in the case.

P. W. (Finsbury).—"I would like your opinion on how long girls should be courted." Just the same as short ones.

L. K. (Finchley).—"I can string together better panto verses than any sung on the stage." Then by jingle you ought to succeed.

R. H. WHITE (Seven Kings).—"I had my wife in mind when I made up my £1,000 *Bullet*." Others having a wife in mind can win £1,500 this week and marry her.

"PHONETICS" (Fakenham).—"Only double distilled fools would spell 'debtor' with a b." Only a boor who doesn't know bebter would waste time and stamp on sending us such a lebter.

Mrs. B. (Croydon).—"Our doctor reminds me of patience on the monument, he's so persevering." Well, let's hope there won't be many monuments on his patients.

"NEW READER" (Bodmin).—"You wouldn't think any more of me for becoming a regular reader." On the contrary, we should soon regard you as a man in a million.

A Contented Mind

"A CONTENTED mind is a blessing kind
And a merry laugh is a purse well-lined."
If you'd merry grow
Buy *The Passing Show*,
'Tis the brightest weekly of its kind.

So the thing to do, if you're feeling blue,
Is—content *your* mind with *The Passing Show*.
Drive your cares away—
Though the sky be grey,
Every cloud is silver lined, you know:

To be blithe and bright, with a heart that's light
You need no costly treatment seek.
Life will seem worth while,
For you'll learn to smile,
If you buy *The Passing Show* each week.

G. Y. (Stalybridge).—"I have a smattering of knowledge." You exaggerate.

S. O. (Lingfield).—"What do you think of monkey-gland treatment?" It won't turn an old dog into a pup.

A. P. C. (Leicester).—"The baker's boy wastes no end of time gossiping at the door." The young loafer!

E. G. (Ipswich).—"All through the past summer I slept in my garden." Bedded-out, in fact?

"CURATE" (Manchester).—"Having to marry several couples in one day, a parson has to put on speed." Of several knots an hour, in fact.

J. J. (Lincoln).—"I'm sick of lodgings, and would like to find a nice little widow to be my better half." So that she could provide you with better quarters?

Miss N. (Hurstpierpoint).—"In this new situation I am able to take things fairly easily." Aren't the valuables kept under lock and key?

JULIA (Martock).—"I'm sorry, but I really have no time for him." Why not give him the bit you take up in writing to us about him? We'll gladly forgo it.

A. D. (Sandwich).—"I am convinced that poverty is a disease." All the same, you'll be arrested if you take anything for it.

A. P. (Burnham).—"There was continued applause and cheers when I had finished my song." We can imagine what sort of a voice you have.

P. T. (Wellington).—"The only article of any great value I have left is a large jewelled fan." You ought to be able to raise the wind with that.

HIGHBROW (Chelsea).—"I am a cultured admirer of ancient paintings and despise and detest all the cubist crudities of modern art." Watteau!

O. C. (Leith).—"It never pays for a woman to give way to tears." Not at the present price the chemist charges for renewing ruined complexions.

R. N. (Faversham).—"I mean you no harm." Thank goodness! We shall have a night's sleep at last.

B. H. (Marble Arch).—"There is comparatively very little fighting at the meetings held in Hyde Park." Everybody is dazed by the extensive gas attacks.

CLARA B. (Bearsden).—"I generally go for a walk on my birthday." Many women mark time on their birthdays.

P. N. (Roehampton).—"I am marrying the daughter of a barrister." Then you will have a father-in-law in law.

H. H. (Christchurch).—"There are some very nice features in connection with your paper." Especially just now, as most of the staff are nicely sunburnt.

A. B. F. (Kennington).—"I've invented a game based on Spoonerisms." Anything like lakes and snadders?

W. L. B. (Harlow).—"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." We suppose you realise the peril you're in?

D. F. (Sheffield).—"And now I have nothing more of importance to tell you." That would have been equally true if you had said it at first.

W. A. S. (Benstead).—"I have always worn a dressing-gown inside the house." Ultimately, we suppose, you'll wear it out.

A. N. M. (Croydon).—"I reserve the cinema rights of the enclosed story." You're quite right. It's enough to make one reel.

B. N. V. (Ingatestone).—"I intend to write a book on what I know of women." Half a sheet of small-sized notepaper would be far too big for the purpose.

F. H. (Victoria).—"The doctor and I parted on the best of terms when I was cured." With no ill-feeling on either side.

W. D. (Brighton).—"It seems a bad business proposition to employ domestics in these times." Yet a servant nowadays may generally be counted upon as a going concern.

B. L. (Clapton).—"My son seemed rather depressed when he went back to school." Let's hope that when he comes home at Christmas you'll find him at the top of his form.

THOS. C. (Windsor).—"To put it briefly, I complain about being given only three days' holiday." The long and the short of it, in fact, is the shortage of the length of it.

Miss A. (Manchester).—"On reading your Letter Parliament I think you'd find it a relief to have a few correspondents who know grammar." Don't let your thought discourage you from writing if it gives you pleasure.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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1/3

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Shaving Cream lathers quickly, but a shaving stick is clean, neat and easy to handle. So Pears' made a shaving stick of solidified cream. Ivostrip is faultproof. All the advantages of the best shaving stick and shaving cream have been combined and improved. All their shortcomings eliminated. Your first shave with Ivostrip will show you the world of difference.

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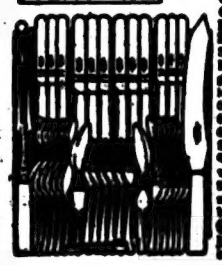

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PUPS IN BOOTS

A Contrast between East and West

THE scene is Bond Street, one of the most fashionable shopping thoroughfares in the world. Among the crowd is a fashionably dressed woman leading by the hand a little girl about seven years of age. The child is clad in an oilskin coat and sou'wester, and wears with obvious pride knee-boots, which complete the costume usually worn by seafaring men as a protection against the storm.

"Isn't that just sweet?" exclaims a passer-by, indicating the child.

A few steps further on, the child echoes the phrase, crying shrilly, "Oh, look, mummy, isn't that sweet?" at the same time drawing attention to a pair of pedigree pug dogs each with a little coat of felt, with an embroidered monogram, and knee-boots.

"Just too sweet," echoes the mother.

The scene is Bow. A side thoroughfare in which is situated a street market, which is in its way just as fashionable as Bond Street. There are many women making purchases, some of them accompanied by ill-clad children, who cling to their skirts. No one exclaims, "Isn't that just sweet?" in regard to these children.

Scrambling in the gutter are mongrel curs and urchins in rags, who share alike the same hope of finding food to satisfy their desires.

"Ain't it sweet," cries one of these unfortunate brats, sharing with another a half rotten and mildewed orange.

These pictures require no comment. They are simply a sample of the eternal contrast between East and West.

We would welcome crisp bank notes from Bond Street, but it is to those who have first-hand knowledge of poverty that we look for penny-a-week contributions to "The Greatest of These—" Fund.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Suffering Fund. All cheques should be crossed and made payable to the Fund, and should be addressed to the Editor, 37-39, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is received by the Editor is acknowledged in this paper. The Greatest of These Fund grants absolutely free of charge. All expenses of administration are borne by John Bull.

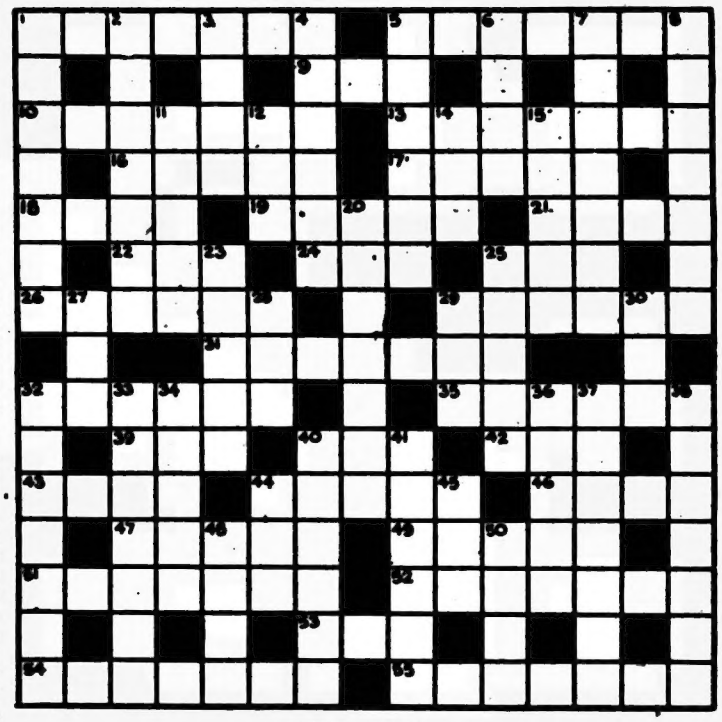
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Every Little Helps, 2s.; "T.D.B.C.," 5s.; Pym & Sinder and Brothers, £1; Mother, 10s.; "D.A. Memory of Thirty-Six Years," 10s.; Mother, 10s.; Mother and Dad, Long Days, 5s.; "Hope," 5s.; Mrs. Ambler, 5s.; E. T. Thomas, 5s.; Mrs. E. C. Barnes, Ray, 10s.; W. C. F. Cane, 2s. 6d.; "A Kitten From Brighton," 2s. 6d.; F. P., 2s. 1s. 6d.; Stoker's Ninth, 1s. 6d.; E. B., Misty, 2d.; E. Henry, 5s.; Anon., 1s.; J. F. Holmes, 1s.; "Wellwisher," 10s.; Mrs. Nellie Wilson, 1s.; Alma Barnard, 6d.; "Galey," 2s.; George Cowherd, 10s.; E. C. S., 7d.; Mrs. E. Payne, 1s.; "Inasmuch," 6d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; H. G. P., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. Rayner, 4d.; "Yorks," 4s. 7d.; Mrs. E. M. Beckett, 2s. 6d.; L. S., 1s. 1d.; Thoroughly Fed-up, 2s. 4d.; Sympathy, 1s.; Insurance Agent, 11s.; The Ninth, Blackburn, 44d.; S. Lay, 6d.; G. W. Smith, 1s.; D. E. and E. H., parcel; "Sagittarius," 1s.; Lone Widow, 1s.; Gateshead, 10s.; F. M. M.'s Ninth (Richmond), 11s. 3d.; A. M. T., 2s.; A. Dickness, 1s.; M. Collins, 2s.; H. W., 1s.; Bubbles, 3d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-word Corner *For Amusement Only*

Everybody's Doing It!



ACROSS CLUES.

1. Fruit-growing land.
5. Nominal.
9. The personality.
10. Thin leaves of malleable metal.
13. Round building.
16. Medicinal pods.
17. A printing machine.
18. Excess of supply.
19. One of the cattle of the Hebrides.
21. Warmth.
22. Tear.
24. Knight.
25. Shelter.
26. Sharp-pointed steel instrument.
29. Morally foul.
31. Roman Catholic prayer.
32. Very hot.
35. A small ball.
39. Assistance.
40. Label.
42. Cereal.
43. Responsibility.
44. Alone.
46. Speed competition.
47. Perfume obtained from cat-like animal.
49. Worthy of honour.
51. Quick-changing.
52. Delicious fruit.
53. Extend.
54. Barren places.
55. Used in distilleries.

DOWN CLUES

1. Eight-sided object.
2. Reproof.
3. Immediately.
4. ". . . are dangerous."
5. Numbness.
6. To bear.
7. Used for poultices.
8. Returned impulse.
11. Offensive odour.
12. Coloured fluid.
14. Crude metal.
15. Conductor.
20. A political faith.
23. Variegated cloth.
25. One who is unsuccessful.
27. Human organ.
28. Terminal.
29. To take late meal.
30. Wrath.
32. Highwayman.
33. Hoarse.
34. To call on.
36. Musical poem.
37. Tanned hide.
38. Locks of hair.
40. Town in Devon.
41. A large glass.
44. Salt water.
45. To observe.
48. Turn round.
50. Planks conveyed by water.

Another Fine Cross-word Puzzle in "The People" on Sunday

"STOPPED-UP" NOSE.

A simple, safe, inexpensive method that clears out the Head, Nose and Throat.

Four Cigarettes Sent Free.

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If you suffer from any catarrhal trouble, plain nasal catarrh, hay fever, asthma, catarrhal deafness, or are subject to frequent colds, get from any chemists a convenient pocket-size package of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes and prove for yourself their pleasant, beneficial effects.

Should you like to try a sample of the Remedy, a packet containing four cigarettes will be sent to you, quite free, if you will send your request to—Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121, C.K.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

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Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle published in our last issue.

BULLETS' MONSTER FIRST £1,500

2nd Prize £250 — 10 Prizes of £5 — 4th Prize £50 — 100 PRIZES OF £1 — 5th Prize £25 — 10 Prizes of £10 — 3rd Prize £100

200 Prizes of 5/- 1,000 Prizes of 2/6 8,000 "Target" Prizes

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 575.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. T. D. JONES,
4, Harriet Street, Treorchen, Aberdare.
Example:—WHEN SHIP COMES HOME
Bullet:—DATE MANY SWEETHEARTS FIX.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. L. DAWSON, Beast Fair, Snaith, Nr. Goole.
Example:—AT THE LABOUR EXCHANGE
Bullet:—"ANY DEPENDANTS?"—"YES, YOU!"

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. H. M. INNES, Wayside, Worminster, Wilts.
Example:—LATE AT THE OFFICE
Bullet:—MORNING "HABIT"—EVENING "CLOAK."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. L. B. FANGE, 132, Park Avenue, Barking.
Example:—HEARD AT THE BARBER'S
Bullet:—"THE NEXT *Person* PLEASE!"

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. E. ALDERSON, 24, Warwick Street, Sunderland.
Example:—IN THE QUEUE
Bullet:—HIMSELF, EXPLAINS PROFESSOR'S ABSENCE.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

H. N. ATKINSON, 4, Freestone Terrace, Normanton.
WHAT IS DRINK?—IMAGINARY DRAGON PUSSY-FOOT'S SLAYING.

A. E. BALL, 15, Yorke Street, Wrexham.
HER CALLING.—LEAVES BABY CALLING HER.

R. BEAZLEY, Violet Cott., Highfield Rd., Maidenhead.
HALF THE TROUBLE—THROUGH "GOODWILL TOWARDS *Women*."

G. W. BOLDEN, 14, Exmouth Street, W.C.
AT THE LABOUR EXCHANGE—DAILY—MEETING NATION'S CREDITORS.

Miss L. DAVIS, Rowland Farm, Edale, via Sheffield.
PLAYING THE FOOL—"PUTTING MORE ON" DOLE.

C. DAWSON, 3, Tower Street, Gainsborough.
ON THE WAY—"JACKS OF *No* TRADE."

F. HOLDEN, 26, Spring Street, Gt. Harwood.
LATE AT THE OFFICE—OFTEN! "DEVOTION TO *Beauty*."

W. E. SCARLETT, 62, Northcote Road, Norwich.
SILVER SPOON MANY THINK STATE SUPPLY.

W. H. STRELLING, 735, Hessle Road, Hull.
KEPT BUSY—"TALE OF *Two* CITIES."

A. WILLIAMS, 137, Queen's Road, Peckham, London, S.E.
SILVER SPOON—MARCONI'S EVIDENTLY IN *Ear*.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

H. E. BALDWIN, 37, Caxton Road, Wood Green.
WHAT IS DRINK?—ONLY "LOAD" FATHER CARRIES.

T. Y. CROMPTON, 97, Westbourne Avenue, Bolton.
AT THE LABOUR EXCHANGE—"CONGREGATION" COLLECTING NATION'S "OFFERTORY."

Mrs. L. DUNCAN, 148, Boulevard, Hull.
WHAT IS DRINK?—HOW CAN TEETOTALLER KNOW?

A. EASTER, Hulland Ward, Nr. Derby.
WHAT IS DRINK?—BOTTLED SUNSHINE—AND SHADOW.

P. R. EVANS, 107, High Street, Godalming.
SILVER SPOON—INSULT TO AMERICAN BABY.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

C. HOPPER, 45, Lindisfarne Terrace, N. Shields.
KEPT BUSY—"YE *Coroners* OF ENGLAND."

W. H. KIFFEL, Abbots Leigh, Hermitage Rd., Woking.
IN THE QUEUE—WEEK-END MOTORIST FINDS HIMSELF.

W. A. MEARS, 56, Alexandra Road, Sheerness.
HALF THE TROUBLE—DARWIN WASN'T A YANKEE.

E. R. PARKER, 103, Plymouth Grove, C-on-M., M/c.
BUSINESS GIRL—SHARED EMPLOYER'S SON'S ENTHUSIASM.

C. W. THOMAS, The View, Bishops Castle, Shropshire.
LATE AT THE OFFICE—POLICE—PRINCIPALS LEFT YESTERDAY.

(*Continued in next column.*)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 577.

BRITAIN'S BUSINESS
IF I WERE PRINCE
WORLD WITHOUT WOMEN
THE DOLE
LEGACY OF WAR
WITHOUT GOVERNMENT
THE REDS
PRICE OF PEACE
OUR RIGHT
A YEAR AFTER
OH LIFE'S ROAD
HAPPY FAMILY
WHAT COOK WANTS
MADE THE FLAPPER SMILE
THE MIDDLE CLASSES
SHOWED HE LOVED HER
WOMAN'S WAY
THANKS TO NATURE
TROUBLESOME
FOR THE MILLION
THE HARVEST
WHAT BABY MEANS
CAREFULLY
ON DUTY
WORKING OVERTIME
IF HE'S RICH
LAUGHED AT
LOVE OF COUNTRY
FOR HUBBY
MAN TO AVOID
HOMELESS
WHAT THE OFFICE-BOY SAID
SOMETHING WRONG
HER FACE
HEARD ON THE ROAD
BANKRUPT
SAID TO MOTHER
BURYING THE HATCHET
CHEERING
WHAT IS LOVE?

100 Prize-winners of £1:

S. E. Aldridge, Culasca, Preston, Paignton; Mrs. B. Allen, 54, Elsinore Rd., Forest Hill; D. Bain, 5, Buccleuch St., Paisley; Miss A. Baker, "Ardevan," Whaley Bridge; Miss W. H. Bawden, Hegan Cb. Town, Redruth; Miss E. Bell, 27, Vectis Rd., Streatham Rd., S.W.; G. M. Birch, 47, Lyne Crescent, E.; T. Blagburn, 60, North St., N. Shields; G. W. Blashill, 11, Maple St., Hull; F. W. Bories, Fish Dock Rd., Grimsby; E. F. Bown, 26, Marmora Rd., S.E.; A. L. Bull, 13, Scotland St., Kettering; T. Charlton, 180, Drakefell Rd., Brockley; Mrs. A. E. Cox, The Green, Ashreigney, Chulmleigh; F. R. Dale, Fountain Cott., Cowden, Nr. Edenbridge; C. S. Darnley, 135, Northway Rd., Addiscombe; S. C. Dinner, 48, Charlotte St., Devonport; Miss L. Downs, 54, Regent St., Eccles; A. C. Driver, 32, Cuthbert St., Gateshead; A. Ellis, 71, Windy House Lane, Sheffield; P. R. Evans, 107, High St., Godalming; Miss A. Field, 22, Parsonage Rd., Eastbourne; Mrs. H. Firman, 27, Ruskin Rd., Ipswich; Mrs. E. Foster, 16, Fillebrook Rd., Leytonstone; H. Fraser, 60, Tower St., Portobello; G. Gardner, 210, Marlborough Rd., Oxford; L. Ginsburg, 35, Ennerdale Rd., Wallasey; Mrs. J. Goodwin, 25, Park Drive, Whalley Range; W. Gourley, 24, Glendermott Rd., Londonderry; T. S. Hall, 2, Blythewood Terr., Renfrew; G. Harris, Adel Villa, Linden Rd., Gloucester; Mrs. I. Hartwell, 31, Lucerne Rd., Highbury;

(*Continued on page 2.*)

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the Examples printed; then give any **Two, Three** or **Four Words**, having some bearing on the Example chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—THE UNEMPLOYED — Bullet:—"REST"—BUT NO "CURE."
Example:—BUSY MAN — Bullet:—FORGETS NATURE'S BUSY TOO.
Example:—MY HOLIDAY — Bullet:—"FINE"—OR "IMPRISONMENT."

SEND POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN

You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

Address Coupons to:—
"Bullets" No. 577
"John Bull," Long Acre
London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 8.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(577) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 8.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(577) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 8
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(577) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 8.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(577) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

Closing Week of this Huge Offer!

The only Raincoat in the World

CARRYING THIS WONDERFUL GUARANTEE

Outer Cebedene Texture

Detachable Fleecy Lining

Checked Rubber Interlining

"Cebedene" Trench O'coats are a special invention of Curzon Bros., the famous London Tailors and Outfitters, who alone sell these genuine coats. They are made by a special process of proofing by the most experienced workers, which enables Curzon Bros., with the utmost safety, to sell them under their guarantee of wide-reaching terms.

COAT FREE FOR THE ASKING. Every genuine "Cebedene" Trench O'Coat is guaranteed to keep out every drop of rain, snow and dampness, throughout its lifetime.

OUR GUARANTEE. In the event of any coat failing to keep you dry (and warm) through any fault of its manufacture whatsoever, we will supply you with a new coat absolutely free of charge. This guarantee is not bound by a time limit, but is for its lifetime. With this guarantee you can rely upon every

'CEBEDENE'

For MEN

The world renowned "Cebedene" Raincoat combining a mackintosh that cannot let in water with a warm winter overcoat. Navy or Fawn. All sizes from 34-inch to 44-inch chest measure. One price only.

What it is made of.

The outer "Cebedene" texture is strong, reliable, and smart. Supplied in Navy or Fawn. It is backed by checked rubber inter-lining of very good substance. All seams are doubly sewn and covered, particularly the shoulder seams, which are specially reinforced for greater strength. Detachable wool fleecy lining neatly fixed with buttons, lying smooth inside the coat. It has a deep storm collar (as illustrated), smart all round belt, cuff straps and two deep pockets. Its whole construction is designed for strength, durability and soundness. This is why "Cebedene" coats are so good.

25/6

Postage 1 - extra.

Why it serves two ways.

"Cebedene" Trench O'Coats are used all the year round. In the summer as a raincoat, with fleecy lining detached, and in the autumn and winter as a rainproof overcoat, with wool lining fixed in place. The uses of a good coat, such as a "Cebedene," will be obvious to every economical man. It equips you for both wet and cold weather. In a few seconds your coat can be a tempest-proof raincoat to keep you dry, or a snug winter coat to keep you both warm and dry; just the thing for travellers, motorists, outdoor workers, and all sportsmen. Obtainable from any of our Branches, or 25/6 by post, plus 1/- extra. When ordering state height and give chest measurement over waistcoat.

Used as a Top Coat.

POST YOUR ORDER—NOW

If unable to call at any of the under-mentioned Branches send cash, and get your coat within 48 hours. Satisfaction, or money back.

WEST END: 58, Southampton Row; 112, New Oxford Street; 110 11 and 431, Strand.
CITY: 35-37, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus; 70 and 72, City Road; 103, Finsbury Pavement; 185, Old Street; 19, Aldgate High Street, next to Aldgate Station; 131, Moorgate Street; 272, Bishopsgate; 76, Aldersgate Street; 34, Liverpool Street; 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street; Farringdon Street, Station Buildings (Metropolitan Railway).
WIMBLEDON: Hartfield Road (opposite Railway Station).
KINGSTON ON-THAMES, 27, Market Place.
SUTTON: 129, High Street.
RICHMOND AND TWICKENHAM: 334, Richmond Road (near Richmond Bridge).
FOREST GATE: 20, Woodgrange Road.
FINCHLEY, — 13, King's Parade, Church End.
HAMPSTEAD,—13, Hampstead Road, N.W.1.
WOOLWICH: 43, Hare Street
DEPTFORD: Chesham House, Broadway.
SHEPHERD'S BUSH: 72, Uxbridge Road.
POPLAR: 253, East India Dock Road.
CRAYS 71 and 73, High Street.
GRAVESEND: 13 and 14, Milton Road.
BRIGHTON AND HOVE: 66, George Street, Hove.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA: 88 and 90, High Street.
WESTCLIFF - ON - SEA: 117, Hamlet Court Road.

For Boys and Youths

Made same as for men.

Boys and growing youths need a reliable rain and warm coat as much as their parents. These fine "Cebedene" coats are built in exactly the same way as men's. Particular attention is paid to their construction and to ensure that each seam is leak-proof. Fully guaranteed as mentioned above. Genuine "Cebedenes" are supplied in sizes from 27 inches to 45 inches long (to fit boys and youths from 5 to 16 years of age), in Navy Blue or Fawn. You need not fear your lad getting wet in a "Cebedene." When ordering, state colour and height and chest measurement taken over waistcoat.

21/6

Postage 1/- extra.

Free nothing to Pay—

Here is a special offer for your Autumn suit. We have just purchased huge stocks of fine Worsted, Scotch and Yorkshire Tweeds and Indigo Blue Serge suitings at very advantageous rates, which will provide you with a smart made-to-measure suit in the latest fashionable styles. Two- or three-button coat and best trimmings at the very reasonable price of 3 gns. Before you order, just see our wonderful patterns. We will send, absolutely free and post paid, a big bunch of patterns, including a range of good suitings from 45/- upwards, for you to choose from, together with easy self-measurement form and 1925-6 Style Book in return for a postcard. We guarantee perfect fit and complete satisfaction. Send at once; a postcard will be sufficient. Nothing to pay. 63/- complete suit.

63/-

ALL POST ORDERS TO BE SENT TO HEAD OFFICE:

CURZON BROS Ltd

35-37, NEW BRIDGE ST., LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4

LAST WEEKS.

WIN

£1,000

FOR

ONE SHILLING

BY ENTERING

THE SILVER STAR COMPETITION

THE

SILVER BALLOT

IN AID OF WORCESTER COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND

(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920).

Patrons:

The Most Noble the Marchioness of Londonderry.
The Most Noble the Marchioness of Linlithgow.
The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, D.L., J.P.
The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Dunraven, K.P., C.M.G.
The Rt. Hon. Earl de la Warr.
The Rt. Hon. the Countess of Yarborough, Fauconberg, and Conyers.
The Rt. Hon. the Lord Tredegar.
The Rt. Hon. Viscount Cobham.
The Rt. Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. (*Editor T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*).
The Dowager Lady Raglan.
His Worship the Mayor of Worcester, Col. J. Livingstone Wood, O.B.E.
Sir David Hughes Morgan, Bart.
Sir Arthur Carlton, C.B.E., and Lady Carlton.
Rear-Admiral Murray Sueter, R.N., C.B., M.P.
Lt.-Col. John Ward, C.B., G.M.G., M.P.
Capt. E. B. H. Towse, V.C., C.B.E.
Capt. Vincent Ranger.
A. E. Barwood, Esq.
G. C. Brown, Esq., M.A.(Lond.), F.R.Hist.Soc.
A. E. R. Gilligan, Esq. (England's Cricket Captain).
W. L. Knowles, Esq.
Miss McKane (the famous Tennis Champion).
G. F. Mowatt, Esq., J.P.
Guy Nickalls, Esq.

The whole of the prize money is on deposit with the National Provincial Bank Ltd., 25, Stratford Avenue, W.1.

Worcester College for the Blind is a Great National Institution and the only College in the British Empire which caters for the Higher Education of Blind Boys. Certain structural additions to the buildings of the College are now essential, and it is hoped by means of this competition to obtain sufficient funds to carry them out. So take as many tickets as you can afford, happy in the thought that you are helping a most deserving cause, and at the same time stand to win a large sum of money for yourself.

In this Competition the following are offered:—

FIRST PRIZE	SECOND PRIZE	THIRD PRIZE
£1,000	£500	£200

And over Three Hundred others all well worth winning.

ALL PRIZES GUARANTEED.
ALL WINNERS WILL BE PAID IN CASH.
ALL PRIZES MUST BE WON.

TICKETS 1/- EACH

6 for 5/-

OBTAINABLE BY POSTING COUPON BELOW.

To the Hon. Treasurer,
SILVER STAR COMPETITION,
Palace Chambers, Westminster, S.W.1.

Please send me.....tickets for the Silver Star Competition for which I enclose.....AND STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

J.B.1. .....

5

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